

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS.

WATCH CLUBS.

Foremen and others desirous of advancing the interests of their fellow-workmen and themselves, should write for catalogue (1,000 illustrations) and full particulars, which may be had from H. E. PECK, City of London Watch Club Co., New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.

PEARSON'S

**TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

WEEKLY.

WATCH CLUBS.

Foremen and others desirous of advancing the interests of their fellow-workmen and themselves, should write for catalogue (1,000 illustrations) and full particulars, which may be had from H. E. PECK, City of London Watch Club Co., New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, E.C.

VOL. II.—No. 75.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER

Warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

"Bahama Cottage, Oaksey, Malmesbury, Wilts, Nov. 14, 1890.

"I feel that I ought to tell you what great benefit I have received from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Since two or three years old I have suffered much with Eczema, but especially shortly after my arrival in England four years ago, when I came from America for my health, being very weak. Directly I began to grow stronger I was troubled more than ever with my old complaint. Being persuaded to try your Mixture I took twelve bottles, and am glad to say it has cured me. I used your Lotion, which I found most effectual in stopping the irritation.

"Though not wishing my name to be made use of publicly, I shall be happy to recommend 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' to any one suffering as I did.

"Believe me, yours sincerely, A. P. B."

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 12s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. By all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN. TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

Ask for

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

And do not be persuaded to take an imitation.

Allen & Hanburys'

"PERFECTED"

Cod Liver Oil

It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not "repeat"; and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsule bottles only, at 1/4, 2/6, 4/6, and 9/.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BYNIN LIQUID Forms a valuable adjunct to Cod Liver Oil. It is a highly concentrated and nutritious Food, and a powerful aid to the digestion. A valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In bottles at 1/6 each.

**The Most Acceptable Present at
CHRISTMAS**

IS A PARCEL OF

E. D. & CO.'S PURE TEA

Prices—1s. 4d. to 2s. 10d. per lb.—Samples Free.

SPECIAL SELECTIONS	3-lb. Tinfoil Cases.	Original Half-Chests (about 50-lbs.)	AT STRICTLY WHOLESALE PRICES.
	6-lb. Canisters.	Original Whole do. (about 100-lbs.)	
	12-lb. do.		
	20-lb. do.		

(Wrapped in any size packets to suit convenience of distribution or presentation.)

E. D. & CO.'S TEAS are of guaranteed High Quality and Absolute Purity. The Public save all intermediate profits. Carriage Paid to all parts of Great Britain. Write for Samples and contrast with other Teas.

ELLIS DAVIES & CO., 44, Lord Street, LIVERPOOL.

"Unsurpassed for PURITY, SOLUBILITY, & EXCELLENCE."

"Lancet.
Pure and
very
Soluble.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

"Medical Times."
Eminently
suitable
for
Invalids.

56 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY.



This marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy. A trial of a small box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

The following is one out of the many testimonials received:
"London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.
"Gentlemen,—Please send me another box of your Corn Plaster, as I must say that I have been wonderfully benefited by it. I had suffered for years with painful Bunions on the great toe joints, but for six months before I wrote to you it was one long agony. After a month's application of your plaster I am now quite free from pain, can walk comfortably, and wear my usual boots and shoes. I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and Bunions.—Yours truly, "M. A. RANSOM."
"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."

BOXES, 1s. 1 1/2d., BY ALL CHEMISTS.

FREE FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS,

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

LADIES!

GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE.
GENUINE REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
GREAT SALE FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

In consequence of the very mild season we have on hand over

250,000 DRESS LENGTHS

OF WYLWYRWELL, IDEAL, AND ZUPER CLOTHS,

Which we offer at LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' COST PRICE. Gigantic Sale of Blankets, Flannels, Rugs, Curtains, Quilts, Carpets, Sheets, etc., etc. Write to-day for Patterns of the Cloth Dresses and Sale Price List. Each Bargain was never bettered.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co. (90, 100, Cloth Warehouse.) ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

CHIVERS

DELICIOUS! WHOLESOME! REFRESHING!

Flavoured with RIPE FRUIT JUICES.

EXTRACT from *Christian World*, October 3rd, 1892:—"The Jellies manufactured by Chivers & Sons are flavoured not by chemical art but by fruit tinctures. This is a new angle, in which the works at Histon lead the way. In these village industries deception. You must turn your eyes to the fact that the firm in question, after and endeavour, is now—CHRISTOPHER CRAYOR." Sold by Grocers in Half-Pint, Pint, and Quart Packets. If not kept by the Grocer nearest to you, send one penny stamp for SAMPLE PACKET, when we will send name and address of Local Agents.

S. CHIVERS & SONS, FRUIT GROWERS, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

Awarded First Prize for Fruit-Jam Jars, Royal Show, Windsor, 1889.

JELLIES

CROSBY'S COUGH

13½ (BALSAMIC) 1s 9d

4s 6d ELIXIR 11s 0d

Opiates, Narcotics, and Squills are often invoked to give relief in Coughs, Colds, and Pulmonary Diseases. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy. This medicine not only allays local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Quinsies, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, and all Affections of the THROAT and CHEST. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. by Patent Medicine Vendors. Wholesale by

Dr. ROOKE, SCARBRO', England.



PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS.

Manufactory:—SOUTHPORT.

Delicate in Flavour. Uniform in Quality.
FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA. For INVALIDS, SPECIALLY ADAPTED.
For Pic-Nics, Railway Travellers, and Tourists.
Prepared from the Finest Meats procurable, and sold in WHITE EARTHENWARE JARS AND TINS.
Sample Jar sent post free to the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY on receipt of 7d. in Stamp.
Afterwards kindly ask your Grocer for it. Address—**Plumtree, Southport.**



LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

CONDY'S FLUID

Used in all Hospitals.

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID, For SORE THROATS: SAFE, SPEEDY, CHEAP GARGLE.
SORE THROATS, RELAXED THROATS, HOARSENESS CURED in a few hours. Slight Cases cut short at once.

"It is of great service as a disinfecting and stimulating gargle." "I find the Condy and cold water gargle excellent, many cases being cured immediately."
DR. WARD, *Seamen's Hospital.* DR. T. W. HARRIS.

Large Pamphlet of directions and small sample bottle free by post from—**CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 57, Turnmill Street, London, E.C.**

KEEP YOUR PLACE

Automatic BOOK-MARK

This is a most useful and ingenious little invention. It is impossible to close a book you are reading without the Automatic Marker slipping in and keeping your place in a most curious and surprising manner. It acts as if possessing an intelligence of its own. All who read books at home or travelling should have at least one. A very pleasing and useful Christmas Gift.

Price 6d. Sent by post for 7 stamps, 2 for 1s.

Address—F. PALMER, 39 Baker Street, London, W.



IRISH LINEN COLLARS.

Gent's Four-fold all-pure Linen Collars. 4s. Collars specially made to any pattern. 1s. per doz. extra. WHITE SHIRTS. Linen Fluting. 2s. 4s. 6s. and 6s. each.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Ladies' Size. 2s. per doz.; Hemstitched. 2s. per doz.; Gent's size. 3s. per doz. Hemstitched. 4s. per doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered by the Irish. Pleasant Girls. 1s. per doz. Samples and Price Lists Free TO ALL PARTS.

IRISH TWEEDS. All pure Wool. Unsurpassed for Strength, Durability, & Style. New Patterns for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear now ready. Please mention *Pearson's Weekly*. G. B. HUTTON & Co., Larne, Belfast.

£50 Reward.

IT IS A FACT. PIANO LEARN IN ONE LESSON.

"How to Vamp" (Copyright) enables even a perfect novice to accompany songs on piano, organ, etc. Professional musicians and others agree that it is the finest work yet known. It is not a mechanical system or an imitation, but is original. Anyone showing these elements to be able to play him 50s. Price 1s. 6d. **GOODHEAD, Daisy Cottage, Devonport Road, Sale, Cheshire.** C. T. Grindall, Esq., R.A.M. and Paris Conservatoire, Park, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, speaks highly of this work.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Breeches, Blankets, &c., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,
Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.,
And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

THE SWEET PAR EXCELLENCE.

Devona,
The most delicious sweetmeat.
Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream.
Sold in Penny Packets by Grocers and Confectioners everywhere.
Manufactory, 106, Praed St., London, W.

OLD SHIRTS

2s. or very best Irish Linen, 3s. 6d. each, returned free, ready to wear. Sample New White shirt, for dress or ordinary wear, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., or 6s. 6d. Gent's best four-fold Linen Collars, any shape, 1s. 6d. half dozen, post free.

IRISH SOX

Hand-knit by Donegal peasantry. Warm, durable, and comfortable. Two pairs free, 1s. 6d. Men's Knicker Hose, two pairs free, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. WOOL PANTS and VESTS are now very cheap. Price Lists and Patterns, Cambric Handkerchiefs, and all kinds of Irish Linen, sent free for Household or Family use. From the cheapest to the best qualities made.

B. & E. M'HUGH & CO., LTD., BELFAST.

RUBBER DOOR SPRINGS prevent colds by keeping your door closed. Sent post free in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d., according to quality and strength.—**GILBERT & CO., 234, New Cross Road, London.** Liberal terms to the trade.

One Million Ladies

WANTED TO TEST JOHN NOBLE'S INVINCIBLE TWEED DRESSES in fashionable Grey, Drab, Brown, or Navy mixtures. They are the best value ever seen, and absolutely defy competition. Every purchaser delighted. The full dress length sent; carriage paid for. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or cost refunded. Patterns and illustrated catalogue sent free from **JOHN NOBLE, E. 11 Dept., The Warehouse, MANCHESTER.**

If you want water to boil quick, use the new **SPIKE KETTLE**, invaluable when time is an object. Sent post free, 2 pints, 1s. 6d., 4 pints, 2s.—**GILBERT & CO., 234, New Cross Road, London.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.

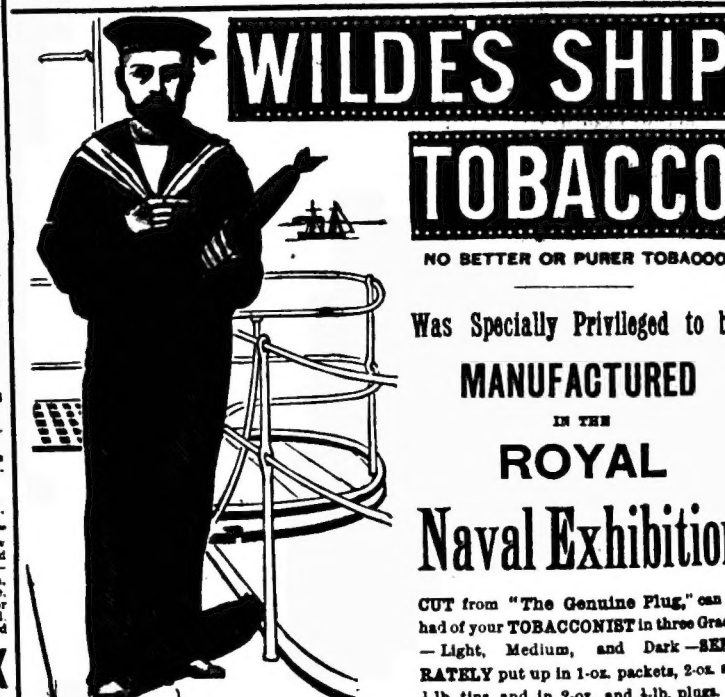
Permanent cure guaranteed: no burning; harmless. Infalible. As evidence of need, with in any case of failure will refund cash in full. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Address, Mrs. E. COULD, 122, New Kent Road, London, S.E.

LIFE-BOAT SERGE

FULL DRESS 10/6 7 YARDS, 48 ins. wide, or per yd. 1/6. Carriage Paid. Selling Freely.

For the above sum we will send a Dress Length of our Life-Boat Cloth Serge, it is one of the CHEAPEST, most DURABLE, & most LOVELY materials ever introduced.

Almost Indestructible for LADIES', GIRLS', or BOYS' Wear. Perfectly Dyed in Navy, Black, and all Dark Colours. Patterns free and need not be returned. **LIFE-BOAT WORSTED SERGE** in plain and fancy weavings 21/- CARRIAGE PAID. In Navy (2 shades) & Black, is simply unsurpassable. Full Dress. **J. BROADBENT & Co., SERGE WAREHOUSE, SOUTHPORT.**



ROBINSON & BARNSDALE, Ltd., NOTTINGHAM.
London Address: 8, Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

PALATABLE & INEXPENSIVE.

ASTONISHING TESTIMONIALS.
7,488 BOTTLES sold by one Retail Agent in 12 months.
WORTH A KING'S RANSOM. A boon for old people.

LAVANS LINCTUS
Commended by Physicians. Has no equal.
For Chills, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, & all Diseases of the Chest.
A Safe and Pleasant Medicine for Children.
For business men easily taken. Will not interfere with daily duties. Will cure an ordinary Cold in a few hours. For HOUSEWIVES a valuable adjunct to the household.

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers, in Bottles, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, or post paid direct from—**GREEN & CO., Laboratory, 5, Ridgway Gates, Bolton.**

The "EAGLE" Balance is an ordinary-sized Pocket Knife, mounted in metal and inlaid with T. rosettes, and is a Marvel of Cheapness and Utility, containing blades and tools answering twelve distinct uses and purposes, such as: Large Blade, Pruning Blade, Pen-knife Blade, Cigar Cutter, Corkscrew, Saw, File, Tester, Glass-cutting, Pattern cutter, Glass-cutter, which cuts glass in straight or curved lines, 3-inch Measurer, and a Strong Spring Balance weighing up to 15 lb.

Samples at 1s.; postage, 2d. Wholesale of **CHAS. E. BRAUN & CO., 37, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**
Cheques and P.O.'s crossed London and Universal Bank. Liberal terms to the Trade.

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS.

The Best and surest remedy for **COLDS, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, etc.** SEE THAT YOU GET ALLCOCK'S.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 75.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26, 1891.

PRINTED AT
STATIONERS' HALL

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A TRUE PICTURE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone ;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer ;
Sigh, it is lost to the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

GOOD FOR THE PEDLAR.

THERE is a woman in Gateshead whose husband wishes the races had been run in Hindoostan instead of Gosforth. She has become an inveterate gambler. The other day he came home to find his wife discussing the price with a man who wanted to sell her some calico. It seems that the price had been fixed at threepence per yard. The husband, unseen, listened to the conversation.

"Now," said his wife, "let's toss a coin to see whether it shall be threepence or fourpence."

The man won.

"Now," said he, growing in the confidence that he had struck a good thing, "let's toss again to see whether it shall be sixpence or eightpence."

"Done," said the woman, too deeply wrapped in the gambling spirit to notice that it was a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."

And the man won again.

At this point the husband, who was beginning to see a bill of sale suspended over his house, interposed an objection, to the great displeasure of the pedlar, who would soon have sold his whole pack, and "tossed" as to whether it should be five or ten pounds, while its entire contents would have been dear at a sovereign.

THE PLEASURES OF OFFICIAL LIFE IN PERSIA.

No Persian official can be sure of his life ; it lies in the hands of the king as much as does the life of the meanest of his subjects. The death of an official is determined, the warrant for his execution is made out, and an officer is despatched to execute it. The man rides as fast as horses pressed into his service can carry him until he arrives at the city where the doomed man lives. He exhibits his mandate to the chief man of the city, and commands him to assist him.

As soon as the door of the victim's house is opened, the executioner rushes in, and, drawing his scimitar, falls on the unfortunate man with the exclamation, "It is the king's command," cuts him down, and strikes off his head. It is rarely that any resistance is offered. Cases have been known in which a powerful man has attempted to waylay the messenger on the road, when he knew his errand, and, depriving him of the warrant, delay his fate until another could be got, or until he has had time to make interest for his pardon ; usually, however, such is the awe of the king's name that no attempt is made by the victim to escape his fate. He calmly submits to it ; it is the decree of Allah—it is fate—Allah be praised !

As for his nearest relatives, they fly from him as from a thing accursed. The dependants, whom an hour ago he would have made happy with a smile, desert him as one whose touch would defile. He is like an infected creature. "All Nature seems to be roused against him" are the words of an ancient writer in Persia.

SWEET INNOCENCE.

SHE was young and fair, and a tear glistened in her eye as she laid her curly head upon his shoulder, and exclaimed :

"Oh, George ! I think if I found that you did not love me, I should die."

"My darling !" he answered, passing his hand gently round her dimpled chin, "I will always love you. Do you think I would marry you if I did not feel sure of it ? In a few days, at the altar, I shall vow to love you all my life, and I will keep my vow."

A lovely kind of beatific happiness played for a moment like sunshine on her lips, and then she whispered :

"Oh, George ! I like to hear you talk like that ; you have been so good to me. You have given me a diamond locket, and a gold watch and chain, and rings that an angel might wear outside her gloves and not be ashamed ; and if I thought that one day you'd be sorry you'd given me all these nice things, and want them back again, I should break my heart."

He held her gently against his manly breast, and answered, with a quivering voice :

"Oh, my darling, there is nothing on earth that could happen that would make me repent giving you a few tokens of my love, or make me want them back again."

She sprang from his arms like a joyous deer, she shook back her sunny curls, and with a whole poem in her hazel eyes, exclaimed :

"Oh, George, you have taken a load from my heart ! I've come to say I can't marry you after all, because I've seen somebody I like better, and I thought you'd want your presents back again !"

THE PASHA'S ACCOUNT OF A STRANGE CEREMONY.

COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL, may thy shadow never decrease ! I have this day seen a strange ceremony of these English Ghouls, which will doubtless interest you. Know, then, that there is within the precincts of this mighty city (London), the like for which the world has never seen for majesty and greatness, a sacred place, set apart by the priests, called the Oval, wherein many religious rites, peculiar to these idolaters, are carried out.

And these observances vary with the seasons, inasmuch that in the hot days, when the climate more nearly approaches that of my beloved Bagdad, one kind of ceremony is performed, while in the cold and rainy season all the people take part in the strange proceedings which I saw but yesterday.

I and my young men did partake of our midday meal, and were then conveyed by means of a fast carriage, rolling on rails of iron, to the gates of this temple of the gods. At the entrance there was found a large crowd of worshippers, jostling each other in their eagerness to gain admission within.

Here passing the solemn archway, we, like others around us, deposited our gifts in the alms-boxes to propitiate the gods, and we found ourselves in the midst of a large enclosure and of a mighty throng. In the centre of the people a space was made bounded with poles and banners, and hung with ropes, and at each end were gateways of wood of a height greater than the stature of any man, and white glistening saplings were bound above with thongs. Around two sides of the space were rows of seats, the one above the other, where the more wealthy of the people congregated.

And as I looked, behold ! a troop of priests, clad in bright raiment, leaped within the enclosed space, bearing with them a small globe of leather, within which were imprisoned evil gods, whose authority the people defied, and who were brought out for a public ordinance every seven days. And, lo ! there stood also other two priests, bearing silver wands, and one, taller than all the rest, carried in his hand a golden instrument of shrill sound, with which he encouraged the weary, admonished the idle, and directed the ceremony.

And, behold ! the priests or dervishes danced to and fro, and threw the globe the one to the other, and did spin it with their feet ; and all the people shouted and said : "Great is the North End !" and others re-

plied : "But greater are they of Corinth." And the dervishes waxed hot, and their fury increased, until the foam fell from their lips, and their actions were like those of madmen. Yet there was no slackness in their going !

This continued, methinks, for the space of more than an hour, until, exhausted with their labours, the priests ceased, and then with singing and chanting and the sounds of music, the dervishes did retire to the door of one of the wooden temples, while all the people made acclamation ; and, lo ! the door closed upon them, and I saw them no more.

But as I and my sword-bearers turned to depart, there saw we, on every hand, some who rejoiced greatly, and others who were utterly cast down, and they did pass the one to the other pieces of silver and pieces of gold, many with great ravings and unholy revivings. This was the ceremony which I beheld ; and as I gazed, lo ! I was alone, and a cunuch, clad in blue, with a staff in his hand, followed me to the gates.

THE CROWNING TOUCH.

STORIES about persons who try to show themselves wise in matters which are quite beyond their comprehension are abundant enough, and often incredible enough, were it not for the fact that it would be well-nigh impossible to invent anything so absurd as the truth. A gentleman who has an admirable collection of paintings, among which are some fine modern works, relates a story which one would not easily believe, but which he vouches for as true.

He is in the habit of admitting visitors to his gallery if they come properly introduced. One day a wealthy gentleman produced a note of introduction, and asked to see the pictures. His remarks soon showed that he was rather a "patron of art" than one who understood or appreciated it, and not a few of his comments were quite ludicrous.

The height of absurdity was reached when he came to a picture by Constable, a work of which the owner of the gallery was especially proud.

"Now, I have a Constable that is much finer than that," the guest observed, regarding the canvas with a great show of critical attention.

"I am surprised at that," the host responded, "for this is usually considered Constable's masterpiece. It is so spoken of in the art dictionaries."

"Well, I dare say that is so," the other replied, with perfect coolness and evident sincerity. "I won't say, either, that mine was any better when I bought it ; but my wife is a born artist, and she has put a few crowning touches to it since we've had it, and now yours can't hold a candle to it."

"I dare say you are right," was all the host could say, and they left the unfortunate picture that lacked the "crowning touch" of the visitor's accomplished wife, and pressed on.

IF IT HAPPENS

that the paper you hold in your hand is the first number you have purchased of *Pearson's Weekly*, you will perhaps like to be informed that there is at present on sale at all bookstalls and news-vendors an *Extra Double Christmas Number*, which costs two-pence, and with every copy of which is presented a coloured plate entitled *MORE FREE THAN WELCOME*.

This number consists of 28 pages, and contains a great variety of reading matter, notably some really good short stories. It contains one page altogether unlike any other page that has ever appeared in any other publication in the world, and purchasers have the opportunity of entering a very easy competition in which 500 valuable prizes are to be distributed, including 100 half sovereigns.

A couple of loose coppers is the only qualification necessary to entitle you to become possessor of this *Extra Christmas Number*. Of course we take it for granted that you are sufficiently well pleased with the paper you are reading to induce you to give its offshoot a trial.

THREE LIVES FOR A FLOWER.

Count Clairville has just given in marriage his only daughter Yolande to the Marquis de Kergouet, of an old and proud Breton family. The ceremony was over and the church doors were flung open, displaying the high altar decorated with flowers and lights, and in the garlanded doorway appeared the young pair, while the bells pealed joyously. All Nature appeared to be in festive attire for the sweet odours of spring filled the air, the wild birds were singing merrily, and sunbeams fell like a halo across the foreheads of the bride and groom. She was fair and graceful, and in her white gown and veil seemed like an angel strayed from heaven; the bridegroom, noble and gallant, looked with love unutterable at the fair girl who leaned upon his arm.

The country people were dressed in their Sunday clothes, the men wearing rosettes in their button-holes, the women with lilies-of-the-valley in their bodices, and all waved flowering hawthorn branches and made the air ring with acclamations.

"Long live Mademoiselle Yolande! Long live the bride! God bless our sweet young lady!" they cried; and from time to time they added, "Long live the Marquis!"

The church of Clairville overlooked the village, being built on a rocky eminence, and was approached by a steep winding path and stairway; rich and poor, noble and simple, dead and living, all must enter the church by way of "Paradise Road." The wedding party, glittering in gold and silk and velvet, and followed by the cheering crowd, walked down this rustic pathway to where the carriages were waiting, and the bridegroom, pleased by the enthusiasm of the people and their evident affection for his bride, said to her tenderly:

"You see, my love, how dear you are to these people. They will never forget you. I fear they owe me a grudge for stealing their good angel from them."

The bride smiled and raised her sweet eyes to his face for a moment, and then she turned to her father, saying:

"It is such a beautiful day, papa; may we not walk home?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it," he replied, glad of an opportunity of pleasing his child, from whom he must soon part, and accordingly the bridal pair and all the young persons of the party walked through the village to the chateau of Clairville, which was situated at the other end, while the dowagers and other persons followed in their carriages.

Yolande, leaning on her husband's arm, stopped at the humble cottages where the poor old men and women, whom age or infirmity rendered unable to go out, were waiting in their doorways to see the bride pass. For each one she had a word and a smile, and many a trembling hand and weak voice were raised to bless her.

The joyous procession now reached a turn in the narrow road and came to a standstill, being met by a funeral party. It was a very poor affair; there was no coronet emblazoned on the white pall which covered the corpse of the young maiden, and not a flower was seen there, not a single blossom, in spite of the warm spring-time! Behind the bier, a poorly-clad man, the only mourner, walked slowly, looking, with his head bent and his face covered by his hands, a picture of despairing grief. At the sight of the Clairville wedding party, the men carrying the bier stopped and would have turned out of the road, but the mourner raised his hand and gazed fiercely at the happy throng, who, with their rich gala clothing and smiling faces, seemed to offer insult to his sorrow.

"Go on!" he said, in a hoarse voice to the porters, as if he would have liked to crush the fine lords and ladies beneath his feet; but the men did not stir. Then the Count stepped forward, saying gravely:

"Respect the dead, friends! Fall back, and let the bier pass."

He was instantly obeyed, and the funeral moved on past the gorgeously-attired throng, who made way reverently, the ladies crossing themselves and the lords removing their hats. As the bier passed the bride, she was filled with pity at the sight of the young, still form under the white pall, and, taking a sprig of orange-blossom out of her bouquet, she laid it gently upon the bier. The stern mourner saw the act, and his expression softened a little, then covering his face again, he broke into low sobs.

"Who is that man?" asked Count Clairville.

"I do not know, my lord," replied the man addressed. "He is a stranger. He came to the inn a few days ago with his sister. She was almost dead, as anyone could see. He seemed to love her very much, and when she died he raved like a heretic and shook his fist at heaven. This morning I told him it was too early to have the funeral, and that he ought to give the curé time to change his stole after the wedding, but he would not listen to me."

The bridal party moved on, and soon the merry peals of the church bells were changed to mournful tolling, as the bier passed under the gay floral decorations of the door.

"Who is that young lady?" asked the mourner of a bystander.

"The bride! That is Mademoiselle Yolande de

Clairville," was the reply, and the stranger murmured sadly:

"May she always be happy!"

Then he went into the church.

Twenty years passed and the Reign of Terror began. In La Vendée the war was at its height, when the Convention sent one of its members to Nantes with instructions to take swift and violent measures against the Royalists.

Accordingly, this man, Carrier by name, caused a large number of "suspects" to be confined in the Entrepôt, a building near the Cathedral of St. Pierre; men, women, and children were hustled pell-mell into this ante-chamber of the River Loire, and in spite of the daily drownings, the prison was ever thronged with victims.

In a large low hall the terrible proconsul presided at the mock trials. The prisoners were divided into two parties, the accused and the condemned; the former group diminished rapidly, and the latter increased, and at last Carrier resolved to hurry the proceedings by dispensing with all formality in disposing of the victims.

Then the fatal words, "Condemned to death!" were heard repeatedly as the Royalists were hurried across the hall.

"Henri de Kergouet!" called the clerk; and a young man, about eighteen years of age, left his companions and advanced towards the tribunal. He bowed to the judges with as much ease and grace as if he were at the Court of Versailles, and seemed to be unconscious of the fact that a cruel death awaited him.

"You are accused of conspiring against the Republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier.

"You took part in a plot against my life."

The youth turned a frank, fearless pair of eyes toward the speaker, and answered slowly:

"I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice, entreatingly.

Carrier cast a furious glance round him, and then Henri de Kergouet was hurried away. Two women now stood before the judge, who asked of the elder one:

"Are you the mother of that young man?"

"I am," she answered, "and this girl is his sister."

"Your name?"

"Yolande de Clairville, Marquise de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the investigation at an end, and added briefly: "Condemned to death, all three."

The doomed were now led back to their dungeons, and at nine o'clock at night the executions began. Tied together, two by two, the unfortunates were thrown into boats, taken out on the river, and despatched with sword or bayonet, and their bodies cast into the water. This method, however, soon proved too slow to satisfy Carrier, and he caused hundreds of his victims to be driven out to a neighbouring quarry and shot.

The Marquise de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence, when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother.

"Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quick!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreaded proconsul, who looked at her earnestly, and, when they were left alone, asked slowly:

"What is your name?"

"Yvonne de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur!" replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?"

"I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yvonne, eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?"

"Sixteen years, Monsieur."

"Then you have not yet learned to lie. Listen to me. Here is a letter which I confide to you on condition of your promising me that it shall not be opened until midnight. Moreover, you are not to speak of it to anyone. Have I your promise? Very well. Go!"

The frightened girl took the letter, put it into her bosom, and was taken back to the cell, but before she had time to reply to the anxious questioning with which her mother and brother greeted her, a man appeared, carrying a pistol, signed to them all to follow him, and led them out of the prison. Then imposing the strictest silence upon them, he gave his arm to Yvonne, while Henri de Kergouet supported his mother's trembling form. In a few minutes the little party reached the river bank, after hurrying through the dark streets of the city, and the Royalists realised at a glance that they were not far from the spot where the executions of that day had taken place. Their guide gave a signal, and a man in a boat instantly made his appearance from out of the gloom.

"Get in," said the boatman, in a low tone, and as

soon as they were seated, he rowed out into the middle of the stream.

"Be brave, little sister," whispered Henri, clasping Yvonne to his heart, and then they all waited calmly for their last hour to come. In a few brief moments they seemed to live their whole life over, to feel again the joys and sorrows of their early childhood, as well as their recent trials and alarms.

Suddenly, they saw in the distance the outline of a ship defined against the dark sky; they approached it rapidly, and before they had recovered from their amazement, found themselves on board, while their late conductor rowed back to the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked Henri, after an astonished pause.

"That you are saved!" replied the captain of the ship.

"Saved! How! By whom?"

"That is more than I can tell you, madame. All that I know of the matter is that a few hours ago I received a large sum of money and an order to wait here for three passengers who wished to go to England. The order was accompanied by a safe-conduct, signed by the pro-consul, Carrier. In a few days we shall, with a good wind, be in sight of the English coast."

The little family, hardly able to believe their ears, looked at each other in wondering delight, and Mme. de Kergouet murmured, with a prayer of thanksgiving:

"Who can our unknown friend be?"

Then Yvonne suddenly asked the captain what the hour was.

"It is just half-past twelve, mademoiselle," he answered, and the girl hastily drew out the letter she had received, tore it open, and read the first line:—

"To Mademoiselle Yolande de Clairville."

"It is for you, mamma," she said, giving it to her mother; but the marquise signed to her son to read it aloud. It ran as follows:—

"Twenty years ago, on your wedding-day, you laid a flower from your bridal bouquet on my sister's coffin. She was just sixteen years old. I wish to pay my debt, and in return for your flower I give you three lives."

"CARRIER."

DASHER: "Clara, dear, will you be my wife?"

Clara: "Have you asked mamma?"

Dasher: "Yes; but she won't have me."

FIRST CONVICT: "This is a mighty poor room for a rich Government to give us."

Second Convict: "Yes; it's a regular cell!"

AN actor thus makes love to a pretty girl in private life:—

"Dearest, I love you devotedly. I implore you to listen to me. I—I—I—goodness gracious, where's the prompter?"

THE American General Longstreet says, that, on one of the night marches in Virginia, the only way he could get rest was to lie down on the ground while the column was passing, and sleep for an hour or so. He woke up just as the stragglers were coming along the rear, and heard one of them soliloquising thus on the situation:

"I love my country and I'll fight for it, and I'll die for it, and I'll go naked and bare-footed for it, but when this war is over, I'll be hanged if I ever love another country."

WE were playing at sea-saw—

'Twas thirteen years ago—

Sweet little Patience Preston,

With her brow as white as snow,

With her eyes of sunny blue,

And her curls of golden shine;

I thought her the dearest little girl,

And vowed she should be mine.

But we were only five years old—

Love was the prize we sought—

That I was rich and she was poor

We never gave a thought.

But we were only five years old,

And we are eighteen now,

And she is rich and I am poor,

And when we meet—we bow.

IN last week's issue appeared a word of one syllable, from which if two letters were taken, a word of two syllables remained. The word was plague. Following is the list of pencil-case winners:—

Mr. T. W. Chubb, 7, High Street, Whitechurch, Salop; Mr. A. Eyre, Maitland Cottage, Bognor; Mr. F. Atkinson, 9, Church Street, Barnoldswick, via Colne; Mr. E. Fairclough, Dean Lock, Gathurst, near Wigan; Mr. H. Ashley, Foote Restants, Widnes, Lancs.; Mr. A. Donnell, 5, Bayland Road, Bermondsey, S.E.; Mr. F. Hancock, 10, Wenman Row, Birmingham; Mr. A. T. Whitworth, 7, St. James Park, Croydon; Rev. T. Mitcheson, City of London School, E.C.; Mr. T. Bond, 22, Scepter Grove, Seaford; Miss M. A. Black, 55, Oakhurst Grove, A.M.; Mr. E. Best, 63, Gorse Lane, Swansea, South Wales; Mr. T. Phillips, 6, High Street, Dorling; Mr. A. Baxter, 4, Weston Cottages, Weston Street, Coventry; Mr. W. H. Mills, Halesworth, Suffolk; Mr. A. Buck, Norfolk Road, Carlisle; Mr. E. Nixon, Thurstow, Andover; Mr. S. J. Goodenough, 54, Chester Street, Leicester; Mr. Jas. Nelson, 22, Brandon Street E., Glasgow; Mr. Thos. H. Cronne, Hillbrook, Lismore, Ireland; Mr. E. Robertson, 80, Woodhead Road, Dunfermline, N.B.; Rev. J. Kinahan Smith, Cleveland House, Brookfield Road, N.E.; Miss Annie McLaughlin, Burnfoot House, Falkirk, N.B.; Miss Susan Gendry, 81, Abbeys, Jersey; Mr. J. Bruce McKenzie, 40, Mrs. Sharpe, 36, Earl Grey Street, Edinburgh, N.B.

WILD ANIMALS AND PERFUMES.

Wishing to test for himself the reputed fondness of many animals for perfumes, the writer paid a series of visits to a menagerie, provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton-wool, and there tried some harmless experiments, which apparently gave great satisfaction to the inhabitants of various cages.

Lavender-water was received with particular favour, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put through the bars. The first leopard to which it was offered stood over the ball of wool, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and screwed up his nose. He then lay down and held it between his paws, rubbed his face over it, and finished by tying down upon it.

Another leopard smelled it and sneezed, then caught the wool in his claws, played with it, and lay back and rubbed his head and neck over the scent. He then fetched another leopard which was asleep in the cage, and the two sniffed it for some time together; and the last corner ended by taking the ball between his teeth, curling his lips well back, and inhaling the delightful perfume with half-shut eyes.

The lion and lioness, when their turn came, tried to roll upon it at the same time. The lion then gave the lioness a cuff with his paw, which sent her off to the back of the cage, and, having secured it for himself, laid his broad head on the morsel of cotton-wool and purred with satisfaction.

ALL FOR LOVE.

"You say you love my daughter?"

"Madly."

The two men who stood facing each other at the moment when this brief conversation occurred were excellent specimens. The wealthy banker, Peter E. Gotrox, portly, suave, and well-groomed, and Jerolomon Harkinson, the inventor, poor as yet in this world's goods, but bearing on his brow the promise of great achievements.

"Harkinson," said the banker, "I was poor once myself. I respect a man none the less on account of his lack of money, but I cannot throw my only daughter away on a man of no financial standing. You are an inventor. If within three months you shall have invented a machine, appliance, or what not that is worth £10,000, Gladys shall be yours. I would gladly give you more time, but my wife is insisting every day upon my buying Gladys a prince."

For ninety weary days and an equal number of sleepless nights Jerolomon Harkinson toiled, until the product of his genius stood complete—a flying machine that positively would fly. Then he invited the banker to be his guest on the initial journey of the Aerial Queen.

Floating above the town at an elevation of 1,000 feet the two men, the man of money, and the man of genius, clasped hands. For a moment not a word was spoken. Then the capitalist broke the silence.

"My boy," he said, "fame is yours. And fortune."

"And Gladys?"

"Yes. But it is growing late. Let us descend."

The inventor gasped and turned white.

"I—I'm blessed," he said, in broken tones, "if I didn't forget all about that part of it. There is no descending attachment to this machine."

STONING TO DEATH.

THE stoning to death of Jews was as follows:—The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire, if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet, the higher, within certain limits, the better. The violence of the concussion caused death by dislocating his spinal cord. The elevation was not to be so high as to greatly disfigure the body. This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to desecrate the temple shaped by heaven's own hand.

The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner. If the convict fell face downward, he was turned on his back. If he was not quite dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of the eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall upon the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary, the semi-stupified condition of the condemned, and the height from which he was cast, insuring, in the generality of cases, instant death.

It may be well to mention in this connection that, previous to carrying into effect a sentence of death, a death draught, as it was called, was administered to the unfortunate victim. This beverage was composed of myrrh and frankincense (lebana) in a cup of vinegar or light wine. It produced a kind of stupefaction, a semi-conscious condition of mind and body, rendering the convict insensible to his fate and scarcely sensible to pain. As soon as the culprit had partaken of this stupefying drink, the execution took place.

AN EARTHQUAKE INCIDENT.

I WAS staying on the Riviera when the famous convulsion of 1892 occurred. I was awakened by the shock, which dashed two pictures off the wall of my room, and upset the washstand. While I was dressing a match, another shock struck me and some chairs among fragments of broken crockery.

I had presence of mind enough to remember that during an earthquake you are no safer in the streets than in a covered building, so I dressed without head precipitancy, and, after a desperate struggle to open my door, which had got jammed, walked downstairs. The night was one never to be forgotten. Men, women, and children, in dishabille, were huddled in the front hall, crying, shrieking, and praying. Some had bolted out of doors with hardly any clothes on, and made for the sea, where they clamoured to be rowed out in open boats—about the worst thing they could do.

Among the panic-stricken folk was an old gentleman in pyjamas, who had come down the stairs three steps at a time. But on reaching the hall he exclaimed that he had forgotten something, and must go back. His friends shouted to him that the upper storeys were dangerous, but he turned a deaf ear, bounded upstairs, and presently returned panting. The thing which he had forgotten was his set of false teeth!

CRISPI'S FETICH.

ALL the people who yield to the weak habit of carrying some "fetich," or charm, such as a horse-chestnut, "to keep off the rheumatism," or an old coin "for luck," are probably not as frank as was Signor Crispi, the great Italian Minister, in a recent debate in Parliament.

A member of the Opposition, Signor Imbriani, was reproaching Signor Crispi with monopolising the functions of government.

"Do not forget," he said, "that you are mortal, as are other men."

Signor Crispi smiled.

"Not I," he said. "I have my fetich, and am able to brave the evil eye."

He took out of his pocket a little coral horn, such as Italian peasants almost always carry to keep off the jettatura, or evil eye.

The Chamber broke into a peal of laughter at Signor Imbriani's expense; but he, without changing countenance, said solemnly:

"Let us hope that your fetich will protect Italy from your policy!"

This turned the laugh upon Signor Crispi.

A CURIOUS RAT-CATCHER.

IN certain parts of Brazil, where the climate is intensely hot, and where rats are a great nuisance, the common cat does not thrive, but is replaced by a domestic rat-catcher, whose presence causes a decidedly unpleasant sensation to visitors from abroad, when they first come in contact with this creature. An Englishman who recently visited Brazil upon a business tour, and who spent a short time at the estate of a well-to-do Brazilian, writes this account of his observation of the Brazilian rat-catcher:—

On the morning after my arrival, in descending the staircase from my room to go down to breakfast, I was frightened almost half to death at seeing an enormous snake curled up on the floor exactly at the foot of the stairs.

The serpent was apparently asleep, but I was not at all sure that he might not be preparing to strike at me, so I ran back up the stairs with all the speed I could manage, and then proceeded to shout for help.

In two minutes the hall was full of servants, all gazing at me in astonishment; and my host rushed out of his apartment.

"What is the matter?" he asked in his best English.

"Why," said I, "look here! Look at that snake!"

I pointed to the coiled-up monster at the foot of the staircase, which now had lifted up its head a little, and was looking sleepily about it.

The servants held their hands to their mouths, and my host laughed outright.

"Why," said he, "that's only Pedro; that's our giboia."

"Oh," said I, gasping, "I thought it was a great snake."

"It is a snake," said my host, "but it is perfectly harmless, except to rats. You will not find a house in this part of Brazil without one. They keep the premises clear of rats. Pedro won't hurt you."

"But how am I going to get downstairs?" I asked, uneasily.

"Oh, you can step over him."

I declined, however, to make this attempt; whereupon a servant came forward, and seizing the snake about the neck with both hands, dragged it out into the yard.

I saw that the creature, as he was extended, was not less than four yards long and as thick as the arm of the negro who dragged him out.

Before I left the place I found out a great deal

about the giboia. They are a species of snake, but considered, and are employed very generally in Brazil to catch rats. They are insatiable, voracious, and in all seasons, and in their dismembered condition perfectly tame.

In his habits Pedro was a good example of his race, though he was of considerably larger size than the average. All day long he slept somewhere in the house, generally at the foot of the stairs. But when evening approached he began to wake up, and after nightfall he glided swiftly about the premises looking for rats.

He even had holes which enabled him to get between the floor and ceiling, and into the spaces within the partitions. Whenever he found a rat he pinned it upon him, wrapped him in his folds, and carried him out of the house, leaving him dead. The servants told me that the backbones of every rat he caught were broken in at least a dozen places.

As to me, I preferred the rats to the snake, and took good care that my chamber-door was shut at night, and that there were no holes left open in the wall in the floor from which Pedro might emerge into my apartment.

He never seemed to eat the rats; indeed, I never saw him eat anything at all. The negroes said he killed the rats for the fun of it.

I afterwards saw the giboias for sale in the markets of Pernambuco and Bahia at prices ranging from four to ten shillings. I was told that they really become domesticated to such an extent that if they are removed from one house to another they invariably return to the house from which they have been taken.

In the country, therefore, the rat-snake goes with the house, and if you have occasion to purchase or hire a residence, the proprietor will bring about the virtues and skill of the giboia.

BEWARE of the wife who, as she kisses you good-bye, slips a bit of paper into your pocket, saying:

"There's a list of a few little things I'd like you to get on your way to the train. Please don't overlook any of them. It will take you but a few moments, and I want all of them to-day. There's a dear."

Jenkins has such a wife. He takes the little slip, and says:

"Yes, my dear; I'll get them."

He gives himself ten minutes before taking the train for home, and this is the list:

"Six lemons, a dozen oranges, yard of blue ribbon, dozen shirt buttons, bottle of acornite, bunch of eucalypti, bottle of vanilla extract, pound of almonds, pound of brown sugar, yard of black cambric, shilling's worth of whalebone, box of glycerine jujubes for baby's teeth, card of hooks and eyes, figs, dates, yard of lace like sample, shoe-strings for Johnnie, paper of pins, piece of blue dress braid, and something for baby."

He arrives home with two lemons and an orange, and looks unutterable things when Mrs. Jenkins says:

"You didn't have time to get the other things? Why, my dear, I could have bought them all in ten minutes."

DO NOT SKIP THIS

BECAUSE you have read other notices in the paper about THE WEEK'S NEWS. Read it to the end, the *Sting is in the Tail*. For the small some of one penny you can, every week, become acquainted with all that is best worth knowing of the news of the entire world.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Companion paper to *Pearson's Weekly*, is published every Friday, and consists of the whole of the most readable matter from every other paper which is worth quoting.

The staff of THE WEEK'S NEWS scans every daily and weekly paper of any importance published in the United Kingdom, and selects from them all the most interesting items. It can be no idle boast, therefore, to state that THE WEEK'S NEWS is absolutely the most interesting newspaper published, as it contains all that is most interesting from all the other newspapers. It is the only newspaper in the world, every line of which is readable and interesting.

You may jump at the conclusion that the paper cannot be worthy of this eulogy; but if you are a reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, you must, we think, give us the credit for knowing interesting matter when we see it. If we know what is likely to hit the public taste with regard to matter which is not news, we ought to be equally successful with that which is. At all events it is not asking you much to request you to be good enough to give the new paper a trial.

If you do not like it, we shall be very glad to return you twopence for the penny you have spent.

That is a fair offer. Dissatisfied purchasers must kindly include with application for twopence the heading from the front page of the current number of THE WEEK'S NEWS. Any newsreader can obtain THE WEEK'S NEWS regularly for you. It is published every Friday, except this week, when, owing to the occurrence of Christmas, it will be published on Wednesday.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

692. What was the Amount of the Largest Claim ever Paid by an Insurance Company?

There are no statistics published at all on this subject, and it was one that was not answered by any contributor. The editor, therefore, has undertaken to answer it himself to the best of his ability. He has made wide enquiries among insurance offices and believes that the largest claims ever paid by any insurance company were in connection with the great fire in Tooley Street. It seems impossible, however, to obtain any definite information with regard to these, as the fire happened a great many years ago, and a number of the companies concerned are no longer in existence. The great Wood Street fire cost various companies about a million of money, but this large payment seems to have been widely divided among various companies, as is always the case with large claims on account of either fire or life. Probably the largest claim ever paid by a single company was £50,000, which was paid, not long ago, to the executors of an American millionaire who had insured his life to that amount in a single company.

693. Where in the United Kingdom is the Longest Straight Piece of Railway Line?

There does not seem to be any record in works of reference relating to our railway system as to which is the stretch of line answering to this description. So far as I am aware, the longest stretch that is perfectly straight is a piece between five and six miles in length which runs between Thirsk and Northallerton on the North-Eastern Railway.

700. What is the Origin of the Phrase "at Sixes and Sevens"?

Many explanations have been given of the origin of this phrase. In the first place, however, it may be noted that the present form is a corruption of "at six and seven." So it appears in Chaucer; whilst in Shakespeare's "Richard II." (Act ii., sc. ii.) we read:

"All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven."

It has been remarked that six and seven make the proverbially unlucky thirteen. Nares explains the more modern form, "sixes and sevens," by a reference to the game of backgammon, in which to leave single men exposed to the throws of six or seven, is to leave them negligently, and under the greatest hazard, since there are more chances for throwing those numbers than for any other. Others refer it to the points in the game of piquet; but a more probable explanation may be found in the fact, that if we write down the ordinary numerals they all agree in height until we come to six, when the upper stroke runs above the line, and to seven, when the stroke runs below the line: so that it may be said that "at six and seven" irregularity begins.

701. Does Knitting the Brows Assist the Process of Thinking?

Knitting the brows is more often the result of habit than of deep thought. One often sees people who wrinkle their foreheads continuously, and with whom the action is nothing more or less than a trick. Darwin, in his *EXPRESSIONS OF THE EMOTIONS*, stated that knitting the brows is not caused by profundity of thought, but by something displeasing which occurs to the mind. There is no doubt that the action of the brain when severely exercised is in many cases apt to cause a certain amount of irritation which is conveyed by the nerves to the skin of the forehead, but there is also no reason whatever why thought should give rise to this particular condition. Certainly, in any event, the question must be answered in the negative, for

knitting the brows cannot in any way assist thought. It must be regarded either merely as the result of brain action which does not in any way assist it, or more frequently as a pure trick.

702. Do Birds of the Same Species always Sing the Same Song?

The natural song of birds of the same species is, as a general rule, the same, in its broad features; but some species have great facility in acquiring the song of other birds, when they have the opportunity of developing their powers of imitation. The shrikes, for instance, succeed perfectly, on account of their retentive memory, in reproducing the song of birds whose nests are near their own; but they so interpolate the imitated song with their own notes, that a connoisseur in bird-song soon discovers whether he is listening to a woodcock, a shrike, or a skylark. It has been found that, by putting singing birds, such as the linnet, into an aviary in the open air, and hanging near it in cages unmated birds of such species as the nightingale and canary, which sing without intermission, it is possible to teach them a better song than their own.

703. Why do Woollen Materials Shrink when Soaked?

This is owing to the imbricated form of wool fibres, the scales of which hook into each other whenever they are forced into contact. The under side of the scale is, however, not perfectly smooth, and thus offers some resistance to the interlocking of the scales. When a lubricating fluid like soap and water is used the interlocking is rendered more complete and permanent. This peculiar property of wool, called felting, causes the shrinkage of woollen clothing when washed, as the rubbing, the soap and water, and the wringing are all operations which are sure to make the fibres of wool work together to the fullest extent they are capable of. So remarkable is this property of felting that with many kinds of wool it is only necessary to mingle the fibres, wet them, and beat them gently to get them to combine and form a fabric, which is used in various ways for clothing under the name of felt.

705. What is the Distinction Between a Shrub and a Tree?

Authorities on horticulture give various heights at which a shrub becomes a tree, some saying that every specimen exceeding six feet in height is worthy of the latter title, while others put the altitude at twenty feet. The main difference, however, between a shrub and a tree must be taken to be that between a woody plant, the stem of which grows up for some considerable distance without dividing into branches, and a plant of the same nature which branches off in many directions immediately it quits the ground. But this differentiation of the two cannot be accepted as quite final, for many low shrubs grow a considerable portion of their height without throwing off branches, and many tall trees consist of quite a number of stems branching from the common base. The distinction is really one that must be left to the taste of the individual. No hard and fast lines can be laid down with regard to it, for under favourable climatic conditions plants which would otherwise be considered shrubs, develop into trees, while the reverse may equally be the case.

706. How comes it that a Cap is the Symbol of Liberty?

This seems to have originated in the fact that when a slave was freed by the Romans a small red cap, called *pilleus*, was placed on his head. As soon as this was done he was termed *libertinus* (a freedman), and his name was registered in the city tribes. When Saturninus, in 263 A.D., possessed himself of the capitol, he hoisted a cap on the top of his spear, to indicate that all slaves who joined him should be free. When Marius incited the slaves to take up arms against Sylla, he employed the same symbol; and when Caesar was murdered, the conspirators marched forth in a body, with a cap elevated on a spear, in token of liberty. The goddess of liberty in the Aven-

ue Mont was represented as holding in her hand a cap. In France the Jacobins wore a red cap; in England a blue cap with a white border is the symbol of liberty, and Britannia is sometimes represented as holding such a cap on the point of her spear.

704. Which Quadruped Grows Quickest?

This distinction must be accorded to the guinea-pig, which attains its full growth at six weeks, and begins to bear young when only two months of age. As it produces from one to four at a birth five or six times a year, it would very soon overrun the whole country in the South American regions, of which it is a native, but for the fact that it is very stupid, and falls an easy prey to carnivorous animals and serpents. Bolivia and Brazil are the native lands of the guinea-pig. It lives in small troops on the borders of forests, emerging at dusk and on gloomy days in search of food.

708. Are Quadrupeds Indigenous to every Country, leaving out of consideration Small Islands?

New Zealand appears to be the only country of importance to which some kind of quadruped is not indigenous, although Australia is peculiar in possessing neither ruminants (odd-chewers) or pachydermata, which latter class includes the horse. In most other countries we find some class of quadruped which is peculiar to that region and is not found elsewhere. Thus, the reindeer is confined to the extreme north of Europe, the chamois to the Alps, and the ornithorynchus to Australia. The hippopotamus and giraffe are confined to Africa, the camel to the Asian deserts, the hyena to South Africa, the bison to North America, and the llama and alpaca to South America. It is in Southern Asia only that we find the tiger in its native state, while the cashmere goat is met with only in the regions of Central Asia.

710. What is the Rule of the Road at Sea?

To give full particulars with regard to this point would more than occupy the whole of the space in this page, as in Captain Bedford's *SAILOR'S POCKET BOOK* (which is the standard authority in the navy) no fewer than fifteen pages are devoted to answering the question. The truth of the matter is that the rule of the road at sea is very intricate, particularly for sailing-ships. It may be summed up for them, however, by saying that the ship in the most favoured position with regard to the wind has to keep out of the way of the other. If two steam-ships are meeting end on, or nearly end on, so as to involve the risk of collision, each shall alter her course to starboard—that is, shall keep to the right. Steam-ships have always to keep out of the way of sailing-ships. All vessels have to carry at night a green light on the starboard and a red light on the port side of the ship, steamers being distinguished by a white light, hung about twenty feet high, in front of the foremast. The following lines by Mr. Gray, which are committed to memory by most seamen, show clearly what steamers have to do under different circumstances:—

TWO STEAMSHIPS MEETING.

Meeting steamships do not dread,
When you see three lights ahead
Port your helm, and show your red.

TWO STEAMSHIPS PASSING.

Green to green, or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.

TWO STEAMSHIPS CROSSING.

If to starboard red appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear.
To act as judgment says is proper—
To port, or starboard, back, or stop her;
But when upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of green
There's not so much for you to do,
For green to port keeps clear of you.

GENERAL CAUTION.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good look out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her! Stop her!! Go astern!!!

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all multi-paragraphed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

731. Why does hot water freeze more quickly than cold?

732. Which is the most lucrative post under the British Government?

733. Has every nation and tribe a knowledge of intoxicants?

734. Is very cold or very hot weather the more fatal to human life in this country?

735. Are there any means to render gunpowder non-explosive besides wetting it?

736. What liquid evaporates most rapidly?

737. Can the breed of a dog be distinguished by its bark?

738. Is there any record of a British winter during which no snow fell?

739. Are men who wear a full beard more likely to become bald than those who wear little or none?

740. Does a strong rear wind accelerate the speed of an express train?

ESTABLISHED 1871.

OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

The above Corporation grants Policies insuring an amount at death, or in the event of permanent total or permanent partial disablement, and a weekly sum during temporary total or temporary partial disablement, arising from

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS ON SEA OR LAND IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

IT ALSO ISSUES BONDS GUARANTEEING THE

FIDELITY OF PERSONS IN ALL POSITIONS OF TRUST.

CAPITAL - - £300,000.

Head Office:—MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

Full particulars may be obtained of the Secretary—

RICHARD J. PAULL.

THE "OCEAN" GUARANTEES PEARSON'S WEEKLY INSURANCE SYSTEM.

WHAT THE POET THINKS HE THINKS.

Full off the poet sings,
In the sky on happy wings,
Of the beauties of his golden long-ago;
About the endless joy
Of the happy harpist boy,
And the farmhouse where the roses used to blow,
But the reason that the poet feels the rare and fragrant
charm
Of the clover-scented meadow, with its grasshoppers
rat-tat,
Is because he sees the beauties of the sweet secluded
farm
Through the optics of the comfort of his heaven-
scraping flat.

The fun of tossing hay
On a pleasant sunny day
He depicts with silken pillows round his brow;
And in an easy chair
Sings of rural zephyrs rare,
While he thinks he'd like to milk the kicking cow.
But he has no time for haying, and the zephyrs that
he knows
By the breezes o'er the roof-tops are successfully
dispensed,
And he couldn't milk a Jersey, and the only milk that
flows
For his use the grocer furnishes each rosy morn-
condensed.

Though jolly after school,
Swimming round the stagnant pool,
It is better in the crystal Turkish bath;
The roses are as sweet
For a penny in the street,
As the specimens that flourish on a bath.
Oh, the farm is very lovely when you see it in a dream,
From the little flat an income makes delightful and
secure!
Though no elevator greets you, and there is no heat
by steam,
And the ice-box and piano are one piece of furniture

The babbling silver spring
Is a most refreshing thing
When the lily on its bosom softly blows,
This the poet ever feels
As he gaily rests his heels
On the sofa, and the whisky richly flows.
Oh, the country of one's childhood is with beauty lush
and ripe,
It is bright with lovely flowers that in fragrance
wave and sigh,
But the time to fully feel it's when you smoke your
briar pipe
In a comfortable flat, although it's almost in the sky.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.

AMONG the innumerable anecdotes told of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Porter, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months.

According to the story told of this madman, for we can call him nothing else, when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on.

Nerved for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovering, or fight with him. His proposition was this—that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate, and furniture—in short, all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast.

No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost! Then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets without house or home, or any means of support whatever. Thus beggared he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognised by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £30,000. Returning the next night he lost it all, was once more penniless, and, after subsisting many years in abject penury, died a ragged beggar in St. Giles's.

HOW CHRISTMAS CARDS ARE MADE.

THERE is no part of the Christmas trade which is so popular, and upon which more skill and labour are expended, than the trade in Christmas and New Year's cards. The marvellous development in this industry during the past few years has certainly received no check. Quite the contrary; for inquiries among manufacturers and dealers establish the fact that the demand is greater this season than ever. Mr. Faulkner, a partner in the firm of Hildesheimer & Faulkner, very kindly consented to initiate a representative of *Pearson's Weekly* into the mysteries of how Christmas cards are designed, made, and sold.

The selection of the designs is the first stage in the history of a Christmas card, and these are executed in some cases by the artists permanently connected with the publishing firm; in others, by artists of high standing in the professional world. Among those who contributed to make Hildesheimer & Faulkner's cards famous all over the English-speaking world, were the late Miss Alice Havers, a truly exquisite artist; E. K. Johnson; B. D. Signum; W. J. Muckley, the flower painter; and Jacob Hood.

Again, an immense number of rough and finished designs are sent in on chance by ladies anxious to make a small addition to their incomes, and who believe themselves gifted with artistic talents. There is no standard price, sometimes an idea will be taken and paid for, and the design redrawn by a good artist from the amateur's rough study.

Then the art publisher brings his skill to bear upon it to see if any improvement can be effected. He "edits" it, so to speak.

The money expended by a publisher on the original design for a card is in many cases very considerable; but it is surpassed by the large expenditure he will incur for the purpose of producing a card which shall be so truly artistic, and so thoroughly imitative of the original, that the difference can scarcely be detected except by the connoisseur.

The question of how many colours—the fewer the better in the case of the cheap cards—shall be used is considered, and then the design is handed over to the printer to be drawn on the stone. Every tint—and sometimes, for folding cards, there are as many as twenty to thirty different ones—is worked from a separate stone, each succeeding one being printed over the last till the picture is perfect. Then there are the verses or mottoes to be added, and the cards, which are printed so many on a sheet, are cut up, made up in dozens, packed in gross boxes, and are ready for delivery to the wholesale and retail trade.

The packing and sorting is generally done by girls. Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's packing-room is a sight to see, especially at this season of the year. Every card, or rather set of two, four, six, or twelve cards, as the case may be, is carefully done up in clean paper before being placed in gross boxes, and every set has a number to itself, thus the buyers are able to see the samples in the firm's albums and choose sometimes months beforehand what they think are likely to be the most popular cards.

Most Christmas cards sold in Britain are manufactured in Germany. The great bulk of these are produced by chromo-lithography, of which Germany is the home. They can be produced much cheaper there than with us, wages being lower and the atmospheric and other conditions more favourable. And the atmosphere has a good deal to do with chromo-lithography, for on a damp, foggy morning, the printer finds his paper stretches, and smudges and spears are the result. The manufacture, it may be mentioned, is going on all the year round; and while the cards are selling for Christmas, 1891, the publishers are busy selecting their designs for 1892.

The actual production of a card takes almost three months, so the publisher must be able to calculate pretty exactly how many gross of each will be required by the trade. People begin buying their Christmas cards as early as July, especially those who are starting for distant colonies. Those who sport each year a private card, i.e., a card specially designed for their own sole use, have also to make their choice early in the season.

If the public left the buying of their cards till the week before Christmas the shopmen would simply be unable to serve them. Literally, millions of these pretty tokens of good-will and remembrance are sent through the post during Christmas and New Year week.

About four hundred sets—that is to say, over a thousand new designs—are placed upon the market every year by this one firm. The largest sale is made, of course, to the London retail dealers, but it seems that the provinces also much affect card-sending; especially is this the case with those cards boasting pretty and suitable verses.

F. E. Weatherly, Miss Burnside, S. K. Cowan, M.A., Rev. J. W. Myers, B.A., Shirley Wynne, Thomson, and Longfellow, are favourite authors.

The number of verses required for a complete collection of cards is necessarily very great, and a large sum of money has to be paid each year for them. As with the designs, no price is fixed for a verse, the amount paid varying—generally speaking—with the reputation of the poet.

There is one thing calculated to develop all the latest pedestrian ability a woman has in her, and that is, to be caught in a shower with her Sunday bonnet on and no umbrella.

"There is something in this little fellow I like," said an appreciative visitor to a young hopeful he was trotting on his knees.
"Now," said the boy, "how did you know I had swallowed a shilling?"

THERE are several ways of addressing a woman according to her station in life. If she is married, without children, praise the husband. If she is a mother, praise the children. If she is not married, but engaged, praise the betrothed. If she is fancy free, praise herself.

A STORY is told of a scapegrace, whom a mentor reminded that his aunt had paid his debts, and that he should be more submissive to the wishes of his relative. The young good-for-nothing did not take much heed of the sermon; but when his creditors were mentioned, he had a real grievance.
"Yes! yes!" he allowed, coolly, "my aunt paid my creditors; but what has she done for me?"

A VERY young doctor was instructing a circle of friends, the other night, telling them what, how, and when to eat and drink.
"The medical profession is agreed," he said, grandly, "that a chronic impairment of the digestive functions results from drinking while one eats; it was never intended that solid and liquid food should be sent into the stomach together."
"According to that, doctor," said a young woman, "bread and milk is a terribly unwholesome dish."
The young doctor is still thinking about it.

At a tea recently given to the street waifs of London, one of the young ladies who was attending on the needs of the hungry feasters, noticed that one of the lads was not eating anything; so, going across to where he was, she said:
"My boy, you are not eating anything. Will you have some more bread-and-butter?"
"No," was the answer she got. So, thinking to make him remember his manners, she said:
"No, what, my lad?"
When she got another surprise, for this time his answer was:
"No blessed fear; not while there's plum kerbs knocking about. I'm just awerting till big plate comes along. Look slippy, Curley, and shove it over here; I feel peckish."
And he was.

MR. GROSSMITH's father, when he gave public readings, met with a very amusing adventure. He went to a Scotch village by engagement, and was met at the station by a deputation of old gentlemen, who conducted him to his hotel, and thence to the lecture-hall. After the entertainment they conducted him back to the hotel, where his fee was paid, and the next morning accompanied him to the station. When they arrived there the spokesman of the party said to him:
"You'll be very sorry to hear that we find, in making up the accounts, we are exactly one pound fourteen shillings and sixpence out of pocket by your lecture. We thought you would not like to leave the town with that upon your mind, and so we give you the opportunity of returning the deficit, and enabling you with a clear conscience to say we have not lost by your visit."
The lecturer replied:
"It is most kind of you to afford me this opportunity, and I will carefully consider the matter."
He did consider it till the day of his death, ten years after.

A NORTH-WESTERN train from Liverpool pulled up at Willesden, and several collectors were taking the tickets. On coming to a third-class compartment one of them found an old Irishwoman with, apparently, three children. The woman gave up one full and three half tickets.
"How old's that girl?" asked the collector, looking suspiciously at a young lady holding possession of half a seat.
"Sure, an' she's on the nigh side of 'tin years."
"Ten years!" replied the collector, "and another ten too; tell her to stand up a minute."
"Shure, yer anner, she's tall," persisted the dame; "but, stand up, Biddy, y' bogtrotter, an' ye the gentleman would loike to look at yer teeth, let 'm."
The girl, who was sitting tailor-style on the seat, commenced to unlimber herself, and as she towered up in the twilight, she looked like the Nelson column looming out of a fog. The official took a bird's-eye view of her, and remarked drily:
"I'll trouble ye for eight 'n' threepence more, miss. I thought we should get at things a bit better when she telescoped out."

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A DOLL that writes letters on a slate is a recent invention of a machinist in Nuremberg, Germany.

A BILL-STICKING machine has made its appearance in the streets of Paris. It does its work expeditiously, and seems an improvement on the clumsy old method of ladder and paste-pot.

Two inventive brothers have recently perfected a process for producing two new alloys for the manufacture of boring and cutting tools, the hardness being equal to that of tempered steel.

A GERMAN contemplates making an end of the "five o'clock tea." He claims to have produced a lozenge made of compressed tea with a saccharine centre, so that the traveller may be able to carry a number of cups of tea already sweetened in his waistcoat pocket.

An ingenious date calendar has been recently patented. Spring mechanism, after the manner of a clock, is arranged to alter the date every twenty-four hours. When fully wound up this calendar works for a fortnight, and on the last day of the fortnight a figure is protruded, on which is written boldly, "Wind me up."

It is reported that a new French cigarette paper has been brought out by M.M. Appel & Co. It is made on the principle of being perfectly tasteless. After numerous experiments the inventors have decided upon putting into the pulp a certain proportion of Vichy salts, which are not only inoffensive but possess the requisite qualities for use.

MR. D. L. REANEY, of Hanover Works, Birmingham Lane, Bradford, sends us a specimen of one of his Torpedo Cases of Cycle Tyre Solution. The distinguishing points of this article are, that it is strongly made to withstand the jolting with the spanner, etc., in the tool-bag, and can be unscrewed at both ends, so that half of the contents can be used at each side without the fingers being badly soiled. The article is retailed at 1s. post free, 1s. 3d. If the solution sticks as strongly as it should, we mean smells, it should be very useful.

WHAT is supposed to be the largest mechanical water filter in the world has been in successful operation in the public buildings at Philadelphia for several months. It is a somewhat modified form of the national filter, is over 20 feet in diameter, and about 12 feet in height. In its initial test, it was operated for forty-eight hours under a pressure of 125 lbs., standing the test without leaking or showing any weakness. This filter furnishes all the water for the public buildings in Philadelphia, and is capable of giving 1,250,000 gallons each twenty-four hours of clear and wholesome filtered water.

MR. F. B. STEWART, manager of Messrs. Tomson & Taylor, Bombay, has just completed a most ingeniously arranged electrical installation for his Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda. It consists of two tiny incandescent lamps, which are to be worn in the head gear of H.H.'s carriage horses. The light in each of the little glass globes is equal to 10-candle power, and the electric current which supplies it is conveyed by two wires, which are connected with six dry accumulators concealed beneath the coachman's seat, and pass along the traces, thence up the bridle to the globes, the wires being so strongly, yet neatly covered, as to be in no way a source of danger to the animals carrying the lamps.

MR. W. N. JENNINGS, the original photographer of lightning flashes, gives an account of a recent experience that brings out a brand new fact and suggests an important new idea. He says:—"At midnight I noticed flashes of lightning illuminating my bedroom. A camera was loaded and an excursion into the country taken, I hoping to obtain a few new photographs of Jove's handiwork. The night was very foggy, and the flashes of light, very frequent and vivid, gave only blurred images of trees in the foreground. At 1.30 a.m., as I was about despairing of obtaining photographs, a sudden streak of lightning shot right through the fog, followed by a heavy peal of thunder, and in less than thirty seconds the fog had entirely disappeared, being precipitated by the electricity in the atmosphere. In these rain-producing days perhaps some inventive genius will take a hint from this occurrence for the dissipation of fog on a large scale, by introducing large power-driven Holtz machines on shipboard and sending a stream of electricity into the fog-laden air from various points along the rigging, thus produce a clear area in the neighbourhood of the vessel. And who knows, perhaps, by an extension of the system, some day we may see a fogless London."

A COMPANY has recently been formed to develop an invention which enables cyclists to race without a track.

INSTANTANEOUS photography has been used to record the movements of the lips made in speaking, and by putting the photographs in a spectrope, a deaf mute is enabled to read the words so recorded.

AN American has invented a way of ploughing by the aid of dynamite. The explosive property of the dynamite loosens the earth as in the operation of trenching, and the experiments which have been carried out with this novel plough are said to be highly satisfactory.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been conducted in the United States, for the purpose of extracting gold, which, it has been conclusively proved, exists in quantities in sea-water. These experiments appear to have met with considerable success, and a patent has been applied for in connection with the process.

MR. BURN, of Stockport, has invented a small appliance for ripening strawberries and similar fruits. It consists of a dish of earthenware, shaped out to fit round the stems of the plant in such a way that the growing fruit can rest upon it and be raised off the ground, thus bringing them more under the influence of the sun and air.

AN ingenious device for automatically distributing letters and parcels in the upper storeys of high buildings has been invented by M. J. Golaz-Sénac, of Geneva. The letter-box on the ground floor is provided with as many partitions as there are storeys in the building, and the postman places the letters, etc., in their respective partitions. This closes an electric circuit and turns on the water from a small tank at the top of the building. The water runs from the tank into a cylindrical vessel, which acts as a counter-weight to the letter-box, and causes the latter to rise. By means of a simple arrangement, each partition on its way up throws out its contents into the letter-box of the storey to which it belongs. When the top floor of the building is reached the water in the cylinder is made to flow out, and the letter-box descends once more to the ground floor.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent, let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. LOCKWOOD, the famous Q.C., was once an actor.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco.

MR. GLADSTONE does all his correspondence with a coarse quill pen.

LADY TENNYSON has set most of the Poet Laureate's verses to music.

THE Queen always chooses the stuff of which her gowns are to be composed, and pays but little attention to the fashions of the day.

M. DE FREYCINET, the French Minister of War, is an old-fashioned republican. It is said that he will succeed President Carnot. M. de Freycinet is an insignificant-looking individual, and is generally dressed in rusty black garments much the worse for wear. He and his wife and daughter have a beautiful official residence at the War Office, but they seldom, if ever, entertain their governmental colleagues.

SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, the Prince of Wales' private secretary, is one of the busiest men in the three kingdoms. He answers all H.R.H.'s important letters with his own hand, and much of the business correspondence rests with him also. Sir Francis' tact and prudence are phenomenal; he is considered a great treasure by both the heir apparent and the Princess, and is a prime favourite with the Duchess of Fife and her sisters. Sir Francis Knollys is a fine soldierly-looking man of about fifty years of age. He rides well, is a good shot, and is married to a very charming woman.

NEWMAN HALL, the well-known preacher, is the son of the author of that widely-circulated tract "The Sinner's Friend." He was educated at Highbury College, and has always been distinguished for his liberal views and broad sympathies. An ardent abolitionist he took an active part in advocating the northern cause in the interests of the American slave. Mr. Newman Hall first inaugurated the course of lectures on secular subjects now delivered by most popular preachers in the country. He has thirteen Sunday-schools under his immediate supervision, and over a thousand voluntary teachers in his congregation divide the work among themselves. Unlike Mr. Spurgeon, he always prepares his discourses, and rarely preaches the same sermon twice.

THE Duchess of Albany still wears mourning for her husband, the late Prince Leopold.

SIR FREDERICK LINGSTON is undoubtedly the handsomest member of the Royal Academy.

MISS PHILIPPA FAWCETT, last year's Senior Wrangler, never works more than six hours a day.

THE Empress of Germany makes all her own infants' baby clothes herself, and generally employs British patterns.

MAURICE JOKAI will celebrate next year his literary jubilee. He is Hungary's leading novelist, and was only seventeen years of age when his first book, *THE JEWISH BOY*, was published.

BISMARCK'S bed-room contains only three pieces of furniture—an enormous washstand, a small camp-bedstead, and a boot-jack. There used to be a couple of hair-brushes. "Take them away," said the bald Prince a few years ago; "a towel will do to part my hair nowadays."

MRS. ARTHUR LEWIS, better known in the theatrical world as Miss Kate Terry, wears habitually on her left arm a very curious bracelet. The inside is entirely covered with dates of her first appearances in new pieces, while a locket attached to the bracelet contains a miniature of herself as she used to be with the following inscription running round it:—"To Kate Terry, on her retirement from the stage, Oct. 5, 1867, from him for whom she leaves it."

LADY SALISBURY is a splendid woman of business, and her husband, since he has been Prime Minister, has left nearly all his private affairs to her sole management and care. She superintended the whole of the erection of the castle Lord Salisbury is building in the South of France, and became very popular among the workmen owing to her excellent French and clear, decided utterances. Lady Salisbury is a comfortable, matronly-looking lady, and always dresses in excellent taste, often in claret-coloured silks or velvet. She loves the country, and is never so happy as when her husband can leave Downing Street for Hatfield. Although an ardent Primrose Dame, she does not take any part in the management of the League.

WHEN Edison the inventor is experimenting, he dons a long frock of checked gingham, which buttons close to the chin and reaches to the heels. Arrayed in this, he goes from room to room in the great laboratory, overseeing the different experiments that his assistants are conducting. Mr. Edison is like electricity itself. No one can tell what he will do next.

At one time he will take a fad in his head that some work must be done at night. Then he will tell the experimenters they are a lazy lot of fellows. He will order them to report early in the evening, and the chances are they'll sit about all night and do little or nothing, except eat and tell funny stories, and then the scheme of night work will have died a natural death.

When Mr. Edison was in Paris during the Exposition, one newspaper, *THE TEMPS*, in an appreciative article regarding him, gave voice to the disappointment which the great man's unscientific appearance must give to every one who believes that science must wear a top-hat, gig-lamps, long hair, and a look of profound thought. Mr. Edison is, it said, "not surrounded by savants and men in spectacles but by quite a gay and joyous band of young fellows, in soft felt hats, like himself, who look like bank clerks out for a holiday." He is a great man for stories, and it is a tradition among his employes that they can tell him the same story every day for a week, and he will never tire of it, nor, in fact, show any sign of having heard it before.

ROSA BONHEUR, the great French animal painter, lives a very retired life in a village near Fontainebleau, and, although she still works hard, she has certainly given up exhibiting her paintings. Idle Bonheur was born some seventy years ago, at Bordeaux, and the only artistic tuition she ever received was that given to her by her own father, himself a good animal painter. But she may really be said to have been self-taught, for during many years Rosa Bonheur adopting, for these occasions only, masculine habiliments, attended all the great cattle markets, both in France and abroad, studying, and occasionally buying, suitable subjects; her "The Horse Fair," now in our National Gallery, formed the chief attraction during the Exhibition of 1855, and gained her the first medal, an honour hardly ever awarded to a woman. During the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71), her beautiful home and studio at Fontainebleau were respected and spared by the German soldiers owing to a special order issued by the then Crown Prince of Prussia.

In person, Mdle. Rosa Bonheur somewhat resembles a Norman parish priest. She is short and somewhat stout, dresses in a long black serge gown, made very plainly, and her kind, humorous face is shaded by a large felt hat. In the button-hole of her blouse bodice can be seen the faded red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, for she has been a *chevalière* of the order since 1865. Passionately fond of animals, her house is a perfect menagerie, and not long ago two young bears, sent with the compliments of the Czar of Russia, were added to the happy family.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. XVII.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS AND PANTOMIME.

Who of all men in London will give the greatest pleasure to children for many weeks to come? On whom centre the hopes of the idle and lame—rich and poor—eager for pantomime? Pass the ballot-box round the metropolis and when the votes are counted you will undoubtedly find at the head of the poll the name of Augustus Harris.

It is certain that in more senses than one the lease of Drury Lane believes in the value of pantomime. Peculiarly rapid in thought he always conveys the impression of a man who fears that he will not be able to communicate his ideas with sufficient exactitude; he tries to speak with his eyes, his hands, his shoulders, as well as with his lips and is author of the remark that a good play may be acted without a word of dialogue being spoken. This has been exemplified and proved by the success of "L'Enfant Prodiges."

The public is indebted to the pantomime, as we now understand the word, in a great measure to the go-ahead-ness of the Harris family. Augustus, senior, when manager at Covent Garden, was accused of reckless extravagance in the mounting of his Christmas pieces. The glories of a certain Robinson-Criscie—at that time held to be the finest pantomime ever produced—cost to mount and to run about £14,000. Last year Sir Augustus spent, including salaries, over £50,000 on his show at Drury Lane.

Sir Augustus Harris was educated in Paris and Hanover, and commenced life as the foreign correspondent in a mercantile office. He made his debut on the stage in September, 1873, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, playing Malcolm, in Macbeth. Since then he has gone through many stages both as actor and manager. He was a member of Mr. Barry Sullivan's Company; he was stage manager to Colonel Mapleson for many years; he conducted a concert company to Norway and Sweden, and was for a considerable time a member of Mr. Wyndham's Company, at the Criterion.

Few of those who crowd for weeks the stalls, the circles, the pit, and galleries of Drury Lane Theatre at pantomime time, think of the vast amount of time, trouble, and capital that has been expended upon the spectacle which delights them so hugely. Sir Augustus Harris has brought the spectacular pantomime to its present high state of perfection and magnificence. He is a man of many cares, and the crown of Drury Lane presses heavily on his head; no sooner is one pantomime produced than he begins to think of another.

First the subject—its treatment, the book, the scenes, the incidents, the characters, and so on—every detail has to be well thought out and provided for. It is difficult to be original in the treatment of pantomimes, but Sir Augustus endeavours to be so at any cost.

Having conceived the framework, the details are proceeded with. The memoranda are handed to the designer, who is asked to make sketches for the costumes of the various characters, from the principals to the tiny mite rising four, for the dragons and the fishes, the birds and the beasts, which may be required. After these sketches have been submitted and approved they are at once put in hand. The carpenter, the costumer, and the property man, each has a plot furnished to him which he is required to work out.

Then there is the plot of the ballets, lists upon lists of names, numbered, with their different changes and the scenes in which they are to appear. Thus confusion is avoided; the regiments can be marshalled with the full knowledge that everyone knows his place and his duty. The vastness of the enterprise can be imagined when it is taken into consideration that near upon a thousand people find employment with Sir Augustus Harris during pantomime time. For weeks before boxing night the construction of the different sets is going on, and everyone, from the stage carpenter and the machinist to the girls who sew on spangles, is busy at work. In fact, Drury Lane is nothing more than a vast factory.

In the scene-painting room all are busy. The painter surrounded by paint-pots, watches, with brush in hand, his assistants who are busy around him. The studio is built over the back of the stage, and is, of course, well lighted. First, the subject of a scene is given to the painter, who makes a rough sketch in colours, and when this is approved of he sets to work on his huge canvas, which has been stretched for him on a frame by the carpenter, and hanging in position can be raised to the ceiling or lowered through the floor as required.

A model of the scene is constructed of cardboard, and from this the details of the carpenter's work and the fitting of the scene are done. Propped up against the walls are stray pieces, curious in shape and form, like bits of a child's puzzle, drying or waiting for another coat of colour. It must not be imagined for a moment that this is the only studio which Sir Augustus Harris keeps going. The great scenic artists with whose names we are all familiar, are working away for dear life, at their different subjects.

The stage of Drury Lane is all traps, in the sense that every board is movable to allow of the working of platforms full of fakirs, etc. The thunderbolts are produced from a sheet of metal suspended from a cross-beam, which when beaten has the desired effect. Wind is produced by the revolution of a cylinder against a piece of silk, and rain by a cylinder filled with shot.

The most interesting department is that devoted to properties. It is a long room, lighted from above, crowded with grotesque masks and rows of misshapen speish heads, the very sight of which always excites a shriek of delight from the youngsters. From the artist's sketches are modelled the moulds for the masks and faces. Everything is modelled in clay, then papier maché casts are taken, which have to be painted and coloured in the well-known style.

It must not be forgotten that Covent Garden calls Sir Augustus master as well as Drury Lane. Last Opera Season about balanced itself; there was a return of £80,000, but the expenses were so great that little or nothing was left.

Fifteen thousand pounds were spent on the costumes alone; the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre is finer than that of any other in the world. There is a suite of rooms in which there are great cupboards where the costumes are hung up, sheltered from dust by tissue-paper and large canvas bags. Often everything is made to match each gown—shoes, stockings, belt, hat, and gloves. The gowns cost from two guineas to two hundred pounds apiece, and the designs are all submitted to Sir Augustus himself before being carried out.

But all this care is amply worth while. There are more applications for seats and boxes in Covent Garden for the next grand opera season than would twice fill the house, and we may be sure that for every pound spent at Drury Lane Sir Augustus gets good interest from his friends and patrons the great and little public.

Sir Augustus Harris is of medium height, stoutly built, and with a keen, bright face. In some ways he looks more a Parisian than a Londoner, and is, as a fact, as much at home on the boulevards as in Hyde Park.

I found the great manager in his fine Egyptian business-room, surrounded by a number of busy people all working away for dear life answering telegrams, letters, and inquiries, receiving orders, and seeing that everything was submitted to "Sir Augustus" in proper ship-shape. After giving the many interesting details about pantomimes in general, and "Humpty-Dumpty" in particular, my host, in answer to a home question, replied:

"What do I think of the stage as a profession for young people? Well, of course, a great number of boys and girls are stage-struck, and think that they can carry all before them; that is a common fault with most people. I, personally, generally under-estimate my powers of achieving anything, and it is to this I ascribe much of my success. What do I think of the stage as a profession? I think any young man or girl who really wishes to become an actor or actress should learn the rudiments of the art. To begin with, I should advise them to study dancing and singing. They are all important; besides, see what fortunes are made on the music-hall stage. I don't think people can begin too young."

"Roughly speaking, how much does it cost you to produce a pantomime?"

"Well, it depends how long the pantomime lasts; still, something little short of £50,000 for the production and working, when all is said and done. You must reckon from £18,000 to £30,000 for dresses, properties, and scenery."

"What sort of salaries do you pay your people; the clown, for instance?"

"Oh, the clown gets from £30 to £40 per week, a troupe of acrobats £70 or more, dancers £30 to £50, and so on down to the ballet girls, who receive 30s. per week, with extra for mornings."

The correspondence of an establishment that has over 1,000 names on its salary list, and is compelled to keep up constant and courteous communication with its patrons, is no slight affair, and finds occupation for half a dozen secretaries. The few days that precede Boxing Night are the busiest days in the year for Sir Augustus Harris. For with him rehearsal does not mean sitting down and watching others do the work; he actually directs every detail.

Each member of the chorus, the most insignificant super, is told what to do, and how to do it. If the secret of success is constancy of purpose, Sir Augustus ought to succeed. After the rehearsals are over there are a thousand and one things to be seen to. Cheques to sign, letters to answer, dresses to inspect, properties to approve. It is often two o'clock a.m. before he reaches his home.

Few people who see this busy man in the fine Egyptian reception-room at Drury Lane Theatre would imagine that he spends his home life in a quiet lane near Regent's Park. "The Elms" is the house where those famous singers Marie and Grisi once lived. An old-world place, full of bygone associations, where a dairy and bakehouse serve to remind the visitor that Sir Augustus Harris's beautiful home was once known as Primrose Farm.

A certain little damsel, Florence Nelly, Sir Augustus

and Lady Harris's only child, presides in the place. She is the proud possessor of a vast number of pet animals, so much so that "The Elms" is sometimes taken for the Zoo by strangers.

Sir Augustus is very proud of his theatrical library; he possesses many hundred prompt-books of the dramas and operas produced in various London theatres in days gone by, and he has almost every book on costumes that has ever been published.

A man so occupied with business can find little time for the entertainment of his friends, but he is a generous companion as when he first commenced his theatrical career—true-hearted, and a good fellow. As a manager he is business-like and liberal, his first concern being the pleasure and comfort of the public. As an advertiser he puts thousands of pounds into the pockets of newspaper proprietors, advertising agents, and printers in the course of the year. The relations between himself and his employees have always been pleasant and prominently placed. In Lady Harris's drawing-room is a handsome loving cup presented to him by the members of his company at Drury Lane on the 100th night of "Cinderella."

I have not touched on his career as a manager of stars, but his popularity with those who have had close relations with him is the highest tribute that can be paid to his honour as a business man. Distinguished singers have declared that it is never really necessary to put an agreement with "Gus Harris" into writing.

It will be remembered that after the death of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith he was asked to stand for the Strand, but withdrew all claim on hearing that the late member's son intended to contest the seat. He is now being asked to become the Tory Democrat candidate for Southwark. Whether he will care to do so remains to be seen.

MAMMA: "Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange."

Johnny: "Yes mamma."

Ethel: "Mamma, he hasn't given me any."

Johnny: "Well, Mamma don't eat oranges."

WHEN the American wit, Colonel Ingersoll, was in this country he visited St. Paul's Cathedral for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Wellington, the guide said:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest military hero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Wellington. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Inside that is a steel receptacle weighing thirteen tons, and inside that his leaden casket, encased in sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside that is a mahogany coffin, holding the ashes of the great man."

"Well," said the colonel, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

AN ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED £1,000 INSURANCE.

NOT LIMITED TO ONE CLAIM. ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the next of kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling as an ordinary passenger. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned herein.

After a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be taken the name of the deceased at the time of the accident. The claim must be made to the Editor of this notice must contain the usual statement of the facts of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. The £1,000 will be paid by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, Messen House Buildings, London, E.C., being provided for by a monthly premium paid to the Corporation by PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This copy is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Monday, Dec. 21st, and confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on Monday, December 22nd. Our offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signatures

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to Jan. 26th, 1892., and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions mentioned above.

Richard T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation, Limited

Available until midnight, December 22nd, 1901.

AN EPISODE OF A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

One of the familiar effects of ether is to make the patient talk ramblingly of whatever may be passing in his mind. Charley Smith has a dear little girl, whom he thinks the world of, and rumour hath it that the two will shortly be made one.

Charley had an errand to perform on Wednesday, about ten o'clock, and while coming down West Street whom should he meet but Nelly. The poor little thing cut an awful appearance, though, and the wee-begone, tear-stained face peeping out from her mother struck terror to his heart.

She had been up most of the night with a terrible toothache, and wouldn't Charley go to the dentist with her?

She preferred ether to gas, and the accommodating dentist saturated a cloth with the stuff and held it under the little nose. She gasped a bit, but soon settled down quietly; her ruby lips parted, and she began at once prattling away like a sleeping baby. Charley was standing just beside the chair, when she murmured:

"Oh, Charley, don't!"

Charley looked up at the dentist, down at himself, and—

"Mother will see you, Charley; please don't!"

The dentist smiled grimly. Charley's eyes began to bulge, and—

"Charley, you kissed my ear that time," murmured the sleeping maiden, "and—"

The rest was lost on Charley, who had grabbed his hat and started down the stairs, two steps at a time. Charley had to pluck up a good deal of courage to present himself at Nelly's house that night and explain his sudden departure, and money won't induce him to pass by that dentist's place.

HOW ELEPHANTS ARE TAMED.

In the island of Ceylon the people are very fond of elephant hunting. They begin by clearing an open space near a forest, part of which is strongly fenced in with trunks of trees, with open places for doors. This is called a corral. When so much of the work is done the natives get behind and around the elephants with blazing torches, shaking spears and rattling all kinds of noisy instruments in order to frighten the huge animals, while all the time driving them toward the open doors of the corral.

At last, with a rush the great herd enters, the entrances are barred, and the poor giants of the wood find themselves hopelessly imprisoned. An elephant's rage is dreadful to witness, but the ingenuity of man has found a way of subduing it. One by one each prisoner is freed again, and tame elephants, remarkable for their sagacity, come up to him, stroke him with their trunks, and otherwise cajole him until they lead him on to a good strong tree. The natives creep up behind, and in a minute a rope with a running knot is round the elephant's leg, and made fast to a tree.

All the time this is going on the tame elephants are humouring their deluded victim, but as soon as he is secured they go away and leave him, which is a shabby trick. Then the men bring him coconuts and leaves to eat, which, of course, he refuses, as he is again in a great passion and struggling to be free.

But hunger subdues even the fiercest, and at last his wild roaring ceases to resound through the woods and he is forced to eat. From that time the taming process is comparatively easy; again and again he is fed, as he requires it, by a kind hand; and the elephant, susceptible to kindness, becomes at last a docile servant of the man.

£100 INSURANCE

FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to whomever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy must not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.

Signed

Available till midnight, December 28th, 1891.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood! When fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nicholas quite make me wild would. With every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide-spreading chimney, the chair which stood by it, A horse and some books—I remember them all; A doll for my sister, and baby-house nigh it, And then the full stocking which hung on the wall; the Santa Claus stocking, the beautiful stocking, The Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall. * The well-stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure, As early that morning I opened my eyes, And found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that Nature supplies; How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing! And back to my white-sheeted bed went with all. Then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, Was happy in what to my lot did befall; the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall. * How sweet through its round open top to explore it, As poised on my knee it inclined to my view; Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it For longer at most than a minute or two; And now, far removed from the loved situation, The tear of regret will intrusively fall As fancy reverts to my youth's habitation, And sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall; The Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, The Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall. * But grown people find there's a later sensation, As grateful as any they felt long ago: It comes when they witness the glad exultation Which on Christmas morning their own children show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition Your favour for children both large ones and small: Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition That rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—The wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking—Yes, till every stocking which hangs on the wall.

HE: "The artists say that five feet four inches is the divine height for a woman."

His darling (fervently): "You know I am five feet eight."

He (quickly): "You are more than divine, dear."

THE clever wife of a professor once wrote in one of those confession-books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated woman who does her own house-work."

DURING a representation of "King Lear," an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out:

"Mr. Manager, sir! after the play! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way. Give us something funny, or I'll summon you, sir!"

Proofs will never be wanting probably, as long as language is used, of the importance of attention to the rules of punctuation and construction. A list of military sentences recently made public in Paris contains this penalty, adjudged upon a cavalry-man: "Trooper B— is sentenced to four days in the guard-house for having cruelly struck his horse while it was eating hay with a pitchfork." Perhaps French horses may take on from their masters something of the traditional politeness of the French race, but it is not really likely that this cavalry-horse found a way to eat his hay with a fork.

THE DOG AND THE ADMIRAL.

AN old Admiral, whose long sea service had given him legs a decided outward curvature, once had a singular adventure on this account with a ship's pet.

The crew of the ship owned a large black spaniel, and took great pains in teaching him to jump. A man, standing up, would put out his foot against his other knee, thus making a hole for Nep, the dog, to make his leap through. The dog always jumped through the aperture readily, though if his trainer's legs happened to be short, it was rather a tight squeeze.

One day the Admiral came aboard from the flagship on a visit of inspection. Happening to walk to the forward part of the ship, he stood there for a few minutes, conversing with the officer who had attended him.

Here he was spied by the dog. Nep stood a moment surveying the Admiral's bow legs. Suddenly the dog made a rush at the legs and a mad leap through the tempting gap.

In astonishment at the black tornado that had passed beneath him, the Admiral whirled quickly about to see what was the cause. The dog took this action as a signal for an "encore," and jumped again.

Once more the Admiral turned, and again the dog jumped. The bewildered face of the Admiral and the serious attention of Nep to what he imagined was his business were too much for the gravity of the bystanders, and, forgetting the respect due to rank, they all roared with laughter.

A sailor, however, had enough presence of mind to catch the dog by the collar. He led him off, and Nep seemed to wonder why he did not receive the praise due to such spirited efforts.

The excited Admiral got out an imperfect explanation of the affair from the spectators, for they could hardly tell him that his legs had been used as a kind of circus hoop for a fore-castle dog. Perhaps to his dying day the occurrence was a mystery to him.

"I WONDER why the Mediterranean is so blue."

"You'd be blue if you had to wash the Italian shore."

"Why did Chappie resign from the Seventh?"

"They wouldn't let his valet attend drill, and carry his gun on parade."

AN authority says: "It may be regarded as an established fact that apples will keep better in moist or damp cellars than in dry ones." But that depends on how many small boys there are in the family.

DE LONG: "Your daughter, sir, has declined me with thanks. She is literary, you know, and she says she is in need of shorter articles."

PATERFAMILIAS: "Um! Couldn't you get her to accept you as a serial?"

DID you ever observe it! When a man makes a humble beginning, and rises to wealth and distinction he is pointed out by his fellow-men as a model self-made man. If a woman commences life as a chamber-maid, or in any other position in the humbler walks of life, and afterwards rises in the world, the rest of womankind never forgives her. Why is it so?

THE Duc d'Aumale once went to the tent of the dashing Marbot during an African campaign, in which he had received his thirteenth wound. The old baron was found grumbling after this fashion:

"To be a lieutenant-general, a baron of the empire, a peer of France, a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, have 80,000 francs a year, and be hit by the ball of a filthy Kabyle who has not four sous in his pocket!"

BLOBSON: "Ha, ha! Here's an article which says that before the close of the nineteenth century we shall see women driving engines on our railways."

Mrs. Blobson: "Well, why not? Don't you think they would do it well?"

Mr. Blobson: "In some respects, perhaps. They would keep a good look-out, anyway."

Mrs. Blobson: "Why so?"

Mr. Blobson: "Because they would have their heads out all the time to show their new bonnets."

A SHAPELY arm led to the discovery of a trick in Paris, when a female debtor's goods were about to be seized upon a judgment. When the officers arrived at the house the unfortunate debtor was discovered apparently dead, and prepared for the grave. Respect for the dead induced them to defer the seizure, and the men were about to retire, when one of them could not resist the desire to admiringly pinch the woman's plump arm. The officer was astounded to see the supposed corpse quickly rise from the bier, and was quite bewildered when he felt a violent blow from her muscular arm right between the eyes. Indignation at the insult made her forget that she was dead. A prompt seizure of the goods followed the exposure of the ruse.

FACTS.

BLOTTING-PAPER is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

The population of America increases by 7,000 persons a day.

A LONDON omnibus carries on an average 2,500 passengers a week.

In this country more deaths occur in December than in any other month.

SUICIDE is less prevalent amongst miners than any other class of people.

THE Shah, when in Britain, said there were no ladies so beautiful as the Scotch.

ACCORDING to population, nearly twice as much coal is used in this as in any other country.

The "newest thing out" in that metropolis of male fashion, New York, is "a hand-painted shirt-front."

THE great diamond company in Kimberley made a clear profit last year of one million pounds sterling.

It is calculated that about fourteen millions are annually spent on tobacco and pipes in the United Kingdom.

OVER 50,000,000 lbs. of sugar are used every year in the United Kingdom in the brewing of beer, in addition to the saccharine principle of the malt.

A MEDICAL journal declares that a healthy man will suffer more from the prick of a pin than he would from the pains of dissolution in case he died a natural death.

THE gross sum to the credit of depositors in the Australian savings banks is now nearly sixteen million sterling. This shows a higher average per head of population than exists in Britain.

It is hardly worth while to dread a thunderstorm, as there is only about one chance in a million that a person will die from a lightning stroke—which is doubtless the most instantaneous and painless of all causes of death.

THE total coal consumption of the world is said to amount to upwards of 1,000,000 cwt. per hour; of this quantity about 240,000 cwt. are required per hour in order to heat the boilers for stationary and marine engines and locomotives.

THE Chinese form of marriage is, perhaps, the simplest and most expressive of any. The man and woman merely join hands over a running stream, emblematic of the wish that their future lives, hopes, and aspirations should flow on in the same channel.

In the annals of malingering deafness is said to be the hardest to feign. One doctor testifies, "I have scarcely known a pretended deaf man who could not be found out by the simple expedient of dropping a coin behind him. It is so natural to turn round when there is money to be picked up."

A HORSE will travel 400 yards in four and a half minutes at a walk, 400 yards in two minutes in a trot, and 400 yards in one minute in a gallop. The usual work of a horse is taken at 22,500 lbs. raised one foot per minute for eight hours per day. A horse will carry 250 lbs. twenty-five miles per day of eight hours.

A JUNK'S CAREER.—From the time the keel of a Chinese junk is laid until the vessel goes to the bottom, where all junks seemingly do go eventually, prayers and spells are employed in its behalf. Amid spells and incantations a lucky day for launching is chosen. A shrine to the goddess Tien-how, the tutelary deity of the sailor, is carried in every junk. Propitiatory sentences and prayers are inscribed on various parts of the vessel. Notwithstanding the use of all these preventatives, however, storms will overtake the junks. Instead of blaming the goddess, or losing faith in the efficacy of spells showered about the craft, the sailors usually search among themselves for a particularly wicked fellow. If such a one be found, he is likely to be tossed overboard as the cause of the trouble.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL GAME.—The Germans, as a race, are not fond of violent and rapid exercise, so that our cricket and football do not find special favour in their eyes. But everything to which they can sit down quietly, and which requires thought and ingenuity, appeals to them instantly as being a game that is well worth the time expended in learning to play it. Chess, therefore, which is probably the most difficult and intricate game which has ever been invented, is their particular delight. One can scarcely take up a German paper or magazine which does not have its special column or corner devoted to chess and its interests. The children are set to work on simple chess puzzles in their papers, while the magazines for older readers present problems which seem almost hopeless of solution to an inexperienced player. There are chess clubs, chess rooms, chess books, and chess players without number; and chess matches between champion players from different cities really become matters of an interest so universal that it seems as if chess had a good claim to be called the German national game.

The word "lady" literally means leaf-given.

LONDON eats nearly half a million tons of fish every year.

FIVE persons are killed daily in the coal mines of England.

THERE are three habitual criminals in London to two policemen.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult among Mohammedans.

FOR every inch of stature a healthy Briton should weigh 150 lbs.

A LIFEBOAT costs about twenty-seven shillings a week to maintain.

£144,000,000 worth, at least, of British property is always on the sea.

THE Queen's Bench Division last year collected £110,000 in Court fees.

THE life insurance in force in the entire world is estimated at £1,800,000,000.

In the United Kingdom the average of deaths from excessive drinking is fifty-four in a million.

No river in the world is said to have yielded so much wealth as the Columbia, with its vast shoals of salmon.

THE Bible is now accessible, as to language, to nine-tenths of the world; in the early part of this century it could be studied only by one-fifth.

THE creature having the greatest number of distinct eyes is the chiton, a species of mollusc, in the shells of which have been found as many as 11,000 separate and mobile eyes.

ACCORDING to the best statistics available, 77 per cent. of actual crime goes unpunished, while 40,000 persons are at large known to be thieves, receivers of stolen goods, or otherwise under suspicion of the police.

PROFESSOR KOHLRAUSCH finds from experiments the quantity of electricity in a flash of lightning is such that from seventy to thirty-five flashes would be required to keep an ordinary incandescent lamp alight for an hour.

THE Servians have a curious custom of giving a parting kiss to their deceased friends before final burial, and the observance of it has caused a serious epidemic of diphtheria. The police have issued stringent orders against the custom.

On taking off the roof of a house at Halstad, near Cambridge, which had been on fire, it was found that a quantity of straw had been carried by birds between the roof and the ceiling, and this had been ignited from a hole in the chimney. Altogether, the birds had taken up three or four sacks of rubbish.

WEAPONS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.—In the history of human warfare, the age of arrows must have been preceded by a long age of clubs, and perhaps a still longer period of strictly natural weapons—teeth, nails, and clenched fists. The invention of gunpowder inaugurated the present age of bullets, which will possibly be followed by an era of torpedoes, or stunning explosives. A six-ounce cartridge of dynamite will kill every fish in a pond two hundred yards square, and it is by no means impossible that the explosives of the future will act in the same way upon the atmosphere of a besieged city or a military camp.

FISH FROM VOLCANOES.—Attention has recently been called to the fact, that the volcanoes of the Andes eject large quantities of fish from the craters. In the first stage of an eruption, "The Indians hold that many of these fishes are alive when they are found on the sides of the mountain, and it is certain that few are either boiled or mutilated. The explanation is that, during the long period of quiescence, extending even to a century, the crater becomes choked up and turned into the bed of a lake, with subterranean channels to other crater lakes, from which the spawn probably comes. The fishes are generally blind, showing that they are of an underground variety.

THE KINDEST PEOPLE TO ANIMALS.—The Japanese would shame the hard task-masters of our horses and cattle with the gentle usage they give these animals. Cattle are used as beasts of burden, and for agricultural purposes, more than ponies. When it is easier to reach their fields by water than by pathway, the black bullock, or cow, is taken there by boat. In the evening, it is amusing to see one of these animals, on being unyoked from the plough, quietly walk straight down to the boat lying in the water at the foot of the valley. If its master is rather long in following, it is sure to look anxiously up the valley and low, as much as to say, "Are you not coming? I want to go home." The plough used is most primitive and small, but quite sufficient for the purpose required, which is generally to turn over the wet muddy soil in the rice fields. This instrument is carried down to the boat on the farmer's shoulders, who, on his arrival, holds the boat steady, and tells the wise little animal to get in, but until it has been ordered to do so it never stirs. When once in the boat, the creature stands perfectly still, and is in this way sculled home, often a considerable distance. The understanding between man and beast is very clear, and very pleasant to see.

In China wives are considered legal tender for debt.

THE feeding expenses of the London Zoo are £100 a week.

EIGHT thousand people are employed in Woolwich Arsenal.

THE combined annual income of the British working classes exceeds £800,000,000.

THE provinces contain twenty-one properly qualified lady doctors, London thirty-seven.

GERMAN engine-drivers receive a gold medal and £100 for every ten years of service without accident.

A FLEA can jump over a barrier 500 times its own height. At that rate a man could jump over a wall more than half a mile high.

WILD elephants are now carefully protected in India by special legislation. For some years the forest officers have been the captors, and they train them to drag timber. Maharajahs and rich nobles are always ready to purchase them at from £200 upwards.

WHICH IS THE MOST MISERABLE CALLING?—If statistics go to show anything, it is certainly that of private in the Austrian army. The number of suicides among these unhappy creatures is appalling. There have been on the average 131 suicides per 1,000 men during the last five years. The suicides were about a fifth of the total mortality of the army during this period, and more deaths were due to this cause, or typhoid fever, pneumonia, or consumption. In Germany the number is 67 per 100,000, in France 47, in Britain 23, in Russia 20, and in Spain only 14.

CHAIR VERSE.—Laophryce, a French poet of considerable merit, claims the invention of several singularities in verse, and among them the chain verse, of which an example is appended. It will be found that the last word of every line is the first word of the following line:—

TRUTH.

Nerve thy soul with doctrine noble,
Noble in the walks of life,
Time that leads to an eternal,
An eternal life sublime;
Life sublime in moral beauty,
Beauty that shall ever be,
Ever be to lure thee onward,
Onward to the fountain free;
Free to every honest seeker,
Seeker at the fount of youth,
Youth exultant in its beauty,
Beauty found in quest of truth.

COUNTING COMPETITION No. VIII.

THIS week we are trying the effect of an altogether novel kind of Counting Competition. Competitors must add together every figure that appears in the non-advertisement pages of the paper, that is to say, every white page except the one numbered 363 must be taken into account. The cover pages are to be left out. With a view to avoiding complication with respect to figures relating to money, etc., we have settled that each figure must be taken into consideration separately. The figures of the date, for instance, which are 25, 1891, must be added together, one by one, the 2 to the 5 making 7, the 1 to the 8 making 9, and so on until the whole make 57. This course must be pursued right away through the non-advertisement pages.

Competitors must cut the heading off the first white page, place this in an envelope directed to themselves, and write above their name and address the total figure that they make. We are led to make this fresh regulation with regard to the manner in which competitions must be sent in, as it will save us an enormous amount of work, for, of course, in the case of successful competitions the envelopes can be used for forwarding remittances to the winners instead of our having the trouble of addressing them, as has been the case hitherto. Postal orders should not be sent inside the envelope just alluded to, but should be placed separately in the envelope addressed to us.

The figures taken as correct will be those supplied to us by Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade, Chartered Accountants, whose fee of one guinea for arriving at them will be paid out of the entrance-fee. The whole of the remainder of the money will be distributed among those who do this task set correctly, our services in the matter being given gratuitously. All competitions must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, and must reach the office of this paper, Temple Chambers, London, E.C., marked COUNTING, at latest by first post on Thursday, December 24th.

We find that many members of the same family are competing in collaboration and think it is hardly fair on others that the task of counting should be simplified in this manner. We must therefore request that no two competitions are sent from the same address.

Competitors are probably anxious to see the amount that is to be divided among as large proportions as possible. Let us recommend them, therefore, to direct their competitions to the special attention of their friends—preferably of course those who Cannot Count Correctly.

FICTION.

THAT HORSE OF STIVER'S.—The other morning at breakfast Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse during the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went in the stable, for two reasons—in the first place, I had no desire to, and, secondly, I was not sure that the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect. But I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I walked out towards the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given the horse his breakfast, and I found him eating it, so I looked about. He looked about too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck-measure and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over, and never look round to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat-box and filled the peck-measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled. This pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled up the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on the top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go everything to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck-measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter, and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart that awful beast was cutting around in that stall and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the row, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being for me and three lumps of coal she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me angry. "Go away!" I shouted. "Do you want to knock my brains out?"

For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house.

She retired at once. At the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck-measure—not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house and got her to do me up, and then I sat down in a chair and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After awhile I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall with eyes half-closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat down on the floor. I went back to the house and applied some more liniment. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise.

Exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him round the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the

rope, and hit about every partition-stud worth speaking of on that side of the stable. Mrs. Perkins was at the window, and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me before I got through with it. He went round a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his forelegs, and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two hods of mud over a full line of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and, whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings, but the instant the mud flew she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the steps with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile-driver. I instantly dodged.

It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why don't you get rid of him?" she said.

"How can I?" said I, in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

That is just like a woman.

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast. I could either swallow him where he stood, and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming towards me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes-line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house. Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to take care of him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

A WHISPER.

'Tis whispered on the mountain high,

'Tis whispered on the shore,

'Tis whispered where the shadows lie

Beside the cottage door.

'Tis whispered when the lowing trains

Have reached the pasture bars,

'Tis whispered in the scented lanes

Beneath the silent stars.

When night descends on grove and glade,

And flowers are gummied with dew,

'Tis whispered in the orchard's shade

And on verandahs, too.

Full often at the garden gate,

Where lovers bill and coo,

'Tis whispered when the hour is late

And when 'tis early, too.

'Tis whispered in the waving—

Where wanton zephyrs play,

The simple sentence, "Henry, please

Do take your arm away."

A CURE THAT DIDN'T WORK.—A business man, who had always been in a hurry since he could remember, and who bolted his meals and rushed for his office so suddenly that his family only caught sight of his coat-tails occasionally, was told by his doctor that he had got to quiet down and eat slowly, and keep up a cheerful conversation at the table while eating, or he would die in less than a year. The doctor told him that he should take at least an hour to eat dinner, and should laugh and talk, and be jolly, and have a good time.

He went home to dinner on Monday, scared at his condition, but with his mind firmly made up to be jolly and eat for a full hour, and obey the instructions of his doctor to the letter. It was washing-day, and as he sat down he wondered how in the name of wonder he was going to put in a solid hour on a slice of pork, a boiled potato, and a little cabbage.

As he handed his wife a plate, that good lady opened the cheerful conversation by informing her husband that a neighbour had died that morning of dropsy, and went on to tell what a sufferer the deceased had been for over twenty years. The man of the house broke out into a laugh that fairly raised the tablecloth. "Ha! ha!" said he, in a forced and awfully serious manner; "that is very good!" and he speared a potato.

The poor wife gazed at her husband in great anxiety, and the children looked at the mother as though they feared the worst.

"Have you heard from Mrs. Daniels to-day?" asked the wife of the husband, hoping to discover if his mind was wandering.

"Yes," he said, with a laugh, as he swallowed a portion of a head of cabbage and cut off some pork-rind for one of the children; "she died early this morning in great agony;" and the man broke into another forced laugh that grated harshly on the ears of the poor wife, while two of the children began to cry.

He looked round at the wife and children as though he would bite their heads off, and broke out into another round of applause, accompanied by a fit of coughing that nearly choked him.

"What is it, dear?" asked the wife, and she held up a fork as if to protect herself in case he drew the carving-knife on her or the children.

"Oh," said he, as he clutched and stowed away a fork full of potato, "I was thinking of what I saw as I crossed the bridge this morning. The police were fishing a body out of the river. One more unfortunate;" and he laughed loud and long.

The wife turned pale; one of the children was sobbing as if its heart would break, and the other was frightened, and she took them out of the room, and sent a servant for a man that lived in the next house to come in, as her husband was in an awful condition, and she feared he would kill everyone in the house.

The neighbour, who used to be in the police force, took a thick stick and came in, and he and the wife peeped in at the door of the dining-room. The old man was alone, shovelling in victuals and laughing as if his neck would break, and they watched him until he had finished eating. He looked at his watch and said:

"Well, this beats all the medicine I ever took. I've done eating in fifteen minutes, and have got to get through three quarters of an hour more;" and he took up a carving fork and steel and began playing the drum on the cloth and laughing.

The ex-policeman told the wife her husband had got 'em sure, and asked if he had not been drinking pretty hard lately. She insisted that he never drank anything at all. Then the ex-policeman said he was probably crazy, and the only way was to just overcome him and tie his legs with a piece of clothes-line.

So they sneaked in behind him, and pulled him down on the floor, and the policeman held his arms while the wife sat on his legs, and the servant tied the clothes line round his boots. He yelled murder, and laughed, and thought it was a joke, and when they had him straightened out, the poor wife got down by his side, as he was beginning to get angry, and told him that it was all for the best, that he had been overworked, and that he needed rest, and she would send for the doctor.

Then he told her what was the matter, that his doctor had ordered him to be cheerful, and to laugh at the table, and to eat slowly, and he had tried it, and been arrested for a lunatic, and frightened his family half to death, and if they would let him up he would never laugh at the table again. They untied him, put a strip of court-plaster on his nose, and he went down to business cured. He now eats in silence and expects to die within a year, and he would rather take the chance of that than of being cheerful at the dinner-table again.

AUTHOR (of new play in Far Western theatre):

"Hark! What's that queer noise?"

Western Manager: "Comes from the audience."

"Eh! Is that their style of applauding?"

"No. It's the clicking of revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author."

MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. III.

ON this page are some verses, entitled, A WHISPER. The last word in the first line of the last verse is omitted. Readers who wish to enter this competition must cut out this page, fill in this word, write their names and addresses along the bottom of the page, and send it, with a postal order for one shilling, to reach us at latest by first post on Thursday, December 24th, the envelope marked WORD.

The correct word is in the hands of Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade, Chartered Accountants, Wardrobe Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., enclosed in an envelope sealed with our seal. Their statement with regard to it will appear, with the result of the competition, in our issue for the week after next.

The whole of the money received in entrance fees will be divided amongst those competitors who fill in the word correctly.

Competitors must please fold their papers in such a manner, that the word filled in appears without the page having to be unfolded. They must also please put pages and postal orders separately in the envelopes. These two little points will save us much valuable time.

It is hoped that competitions will be posted as early in the week as possible. Members of the same family may compete if they like, and anyone may send as many attempts as they choose, provided that each is accompanied by a postal order.

HER LITTLE SCHEME.

"I RATHER like that young man who called on you last night, Pen," said her father.
"I'm awfully glad of that, papa. I like him myself," said Pen.

"Well, it's rather out of the usual for us to agree about a young man, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is, papa," Pen replied, with a pretty blush, "but it has never been my fault."

"Oh, of course not. I am always in the wrong, both with you and your mother. By the way, I suppose the young man is a business man?"

"Yes, papa."

"Good family?"

"Excellent, they say."

"Well, I must look him up. Do you really like him, Pen?"

"I think I do, papa."

"He's a very interesting fellow—sensible and earnest. It's a wonder you'd have anything to do with him, inasmuch as he isn't a scapegrace. If he's what I take him to be I'll do my best to help him along."

"I think you can help him along, papa, now."

"In what way, my darling?"

"In business."

"What business is he in, by the way?"

"In the retail fur business."

"Well, that's a good business, although I'm sure I know very little about it. Still, I like the fellow, and I'm very glad to think that my little girl should agree with me in the way she does. What do you think I can do for him?"

"Well, he was complaining that the winter trade was a little dull, and why couldn't you live it up for him?"

"But how in the world can I live up trade in his business? I haven't the slightest interest in it."

"Easily enough, papa. I want a new seal-skin mantle, and there is no reason why you should not buy me a seal-skin hat and muff, and a box as well; and then mamma would like a new—why, papa, you're not paying the slightest attention to me!"

"And the old gentleman was not—at least, he was trying not to."

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

He was that from his cradle in a negative, passive sort of way. He never cried and asserted his rights, but lay still and sucked his thumb, and blinked and stared at the great world, as if trying to solve the riddle of being in it.

And when he became a schoolboy he was the one to stay at home when his mother was ill, and run errands. And all he got was black marks against his name for being late, and a reprimand from his father for not learning more.

It was so in everything. He never had a slice of bread, particularly large and wide, but what it fell upon the floor, and always on the buttered side, and there never was any jam for his slice, but he didn't mind. He would rather go without than have somebody else miss it.

And when he came to man's estate and learned to love a dear gazelle, she turned a cold shoulder on him to "glad" his brother with her soft dark eye. And he gave her up without a murmur, only too thankful that he might suffer and be strong to her service.

And when in middle life he was a comfortable bachelor with a snug competence, the brother failed, and she would have starved, but he came forward and offered his savings and helped them up again. And they gave him the attic bed-room and a comfortable bed to show their gratitude.

It was then he was first called "everybody's friend," but with the title was conveyed the idea that he was a little touched in the upper storey. Why should he always persist in making a vicarious sacrifice of himself if he were not a little "off," as we say?

The years rolled, and "everybody's friend" prospered, in spite of helping others to their feet continually, and again he amassed a snug little fortune, when a young man in whom he had perfect confidence, whom he trusted as a "brother," forgetting how brothers were to be trusted, asked him to sign his bond for an important official position. He did so cheerfully, and when the young man and the official funds vanished together, he paid his obligation and was again penniless.

But such a cheerful beggar! The brother had gone with his family on a pleasure tour abroad, and their house was let for a term of years. All the other relatives had mouths enough to feed; there was no place in the world, apparently, for "everybody's friend."

Just then he went and "got run over." That is the way his relatives worded it. It was the beginning of a hard, cold winter and he was disabled. There was nothing left, so he went to the public ward of the hospital.

He was as cheerful and serene, as much everybody's friend as ever. When he could hobble about, he helped everybody within reach, and took what he could get for himself. Of all the people he had helped not one came to give him a cooling orange or a bunch of grapes, or better still, a kindly word.

One day he overheard the nurse talking with the doctor.

"We want that bed for a very important case," she said, with a backward nod of her head; "he must go into the convalescent ward."

"He must go into the poorhouse," said the doctor. "He is as well as he ever will be; and unless his friends come and take him out, he will be a county charge the rest of his life."

"Well, we want that bed!" reiterated the nurse; and they moved away.

He lay that night staring at the shaded night-lamps and the white beds, as he had lain and stared at the world long ago. It seemed like a long, sad dream to him—that all his hopes should have come to this, and the lights swam in tears—the first and the last that ingratitude should ever call forth. The next morning the nurse hurried to meet the doctor and tell him that the cot they needed was empty. Everybody's friend had been accommodating to the last.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST REFUSED HER FIRST OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

You are at present in a mixed condition of mind. You are certainly conscious of a great elation, of the holy joy of triumph, of the sense that you are now fully in the sisterhood, so to phrase it, and able to meet any girl on equal terms. You have got there; age may come, and cruel Death with his sickle, and the sons of eternity may roll away; but nothing can take back the fact that you might have married a man, and that you refused the chance. You may marry now, if the chance comes again, and no one can taunt you with the suggestion that your choice was dictated by the lack of a possible alternative—to wit, perpetual maidenhood.

There is joy in all this; yet your joy is tempered by certain reflections. You feel that you have been very cruel to the young man. You feel that you have caused him a great deal of suffering. You are not sure whether you ought not to have sacrificed your feelings, and accepted him, and gone through life bearing in your breast a hollow, yearning heart, and never letting on, like the women in the novels that women write.

You are not even sure that the hollow heart, combined with a decent sort of man in the house, might not be better than a hollow heart going it alone for the next forty or fifty years, with only a parent, presumably mature and possibly ripe for the grave, to look to for seal-skin jackets and new hats.

On the whole, you are in a whirl mentally. You do not know whether you are glad or sorry. That is, you know that you are glad, but you are not quite sure that you ought to be.

Perhaps I can help you to come to an understanding with yourself. First of all let me clear your mind about the young man. You have not blighted his fair, youthful existence. Don't think it. Young men are tough. If they were not they would not last long under existing conditions of civilisation. You have stirred him up, no doubt; you have probably disarranged his appetite for a week or so; but long before the sweet and subtle influences of the spring interpose he will be back at his honest oatmeal porridge.

But, having relieved your mind on this point, I am regretfully obliged to lay the chill, moist blanket of fact on your fervent fancy, and to tell you that you will do well not to indulge too freely in fond dreams of a golden future.

You are quite right in assuming that it will be all over town in a day or two, that everybody will know that the young man has proposed to you, and that you have expressed your surprise and regret. You are quite right in assuming that every girl will wonder what he saw in you, and will say that the young man had a lucky escape. And you are quite right in assuming that every other young man in the town will believe, in the bottom of his heart, that the interview would have terminated in a different way had he been in the place of the rejected youth.

But let not this too much elate you. Young men are not the easy prey you think them. They are full of vanity and the spirit of sport. They will flock about you now, each one trying to win enough of your favour to attract the notice of local gossips. And if you smile on any one of them to that extent, you will wake up one morning to find that you have been jilted for another girl with all the publicity that the young man can compass. You have no idea how much a successful move of this sort adds to a young man's social value in a small community.

Remember, dear child, that a first proposal, if it is a good one, is apt to be followed by a lot of little cheap ones. Remember that time flies. Remember that the taste for acquiring scalps grows upon one. Remember—oh, remember! that while you are amassing futile conquests, there are little, plain, freckled girls all round you, who, instead of wasting their energies in making up a long list of victims, are concentrating them on one object, grappling on a given man, and hanging to him with a settled determination that is absolutely certain to land him, sooner or later, in the jeweller's shop, in front of the diamond-ring counter.

Doctor: "I believe you have some sort of poison in your system!"

Patient: "Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?"

MASTER: "Now, cook, just look here! Look at that piece of bacon I've just given your mistress! It's the worst cut I ever saw in my life! and this piece I'm just going to take myself is only a little better."

Mrs. BRINK: "Mrs. Klink! Mrs. Klink! Your little boy is in our yard stoning our chickens."

Mrs. Klink: "Horror! He'll get his feet wet in your damp grass. I don't see why you can't keep your lawn mowed, Mrs. Brink."

A CIGAR contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphurated hydrogen, pyridine, validine, picoline, and rubidine, to say nothing of cabagins and dockocic acid. That's why you can't get a good one for less than twopence.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), you may tell us what it is."

Annie: "We've all got our winter hats."

AN African traveller was recounting to a company his hair-breadth escapes in the jungle and savannas about the great equatorial lake region. He had encountered there, he said, the most savage and blood-thirsty race of men in the world.

"As we were marching," the traveller related, "from Nimgoi to Gohangbo, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a most terrible and desperate combat. And what odds? Ten to one!"

"Were you one of the ten?" asked a bystander.

"Sir!" said the explorer, grandiloquently, "I wish you to understand that I was one of the one!"

His pretty face was in a frown,
She sighed and looked in vain;
The shades of night were falling down
And she had missed the train.
He saw her; 'twas a pretty sight,
Her cheeks with blushes red,
He smiled and raised his hat to her—
"I see you're left," he said.

Then, as she placed her hand in his,
So glad a friend to see,
The frown was lifted from her brow,
"Yes, you are right," said she.
"If you are left and I am right
We should be mates," he said.
She saw the catch, it was a match,
And now the two are wed.

I ONCE found in a collier's cottage in Staffordshire a coffin used as a bread and cheese cupboard. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, he told the story as follows:

"Eighteen years ago," he said, "I ordered that coffin. The wife and me used to have a good many words. One day she said, 'I'll never be content till I see thee in thy coffin.' Well, lass, I said, 'if that'll content thee, it'll soon be done.' Next day I gave directions to have the thing made. In a few days it came home, to the wife's horror. I got into it and said, 'Now, lass, art thee content?' She began to cry, and wanted the 'horrid thing' taken away. But that I wouldn't allow. In the end she got accustomed to seein' it, and, as we wanted to turn it to some use, we had some shelves put in and made it into a bread and cheese cupboard. We have never quarrelled since it came."

PEARSON'S PERPLEXER.

A LITTLE SCIENTIFIC WONDER.



Pearson's Perplexer can be obtained by any fancy warehouseman from Messrs. GAVE & EASTERLING, of 80, Cross Street, London, E.C. Its retail price is ONE PENNY. No one could ever believe it possible to make two discs, hanging from one end of the same wooden handle, revolve in opposite directions at the same time. But it can be done, to the amazement of those who see it. Simply place the Perplexer on the floor or table in the form of a cross with the metal disc forming the extremities of the arms. Pick it up quickly by the handle and move the latter slightly up and down. It is the cleverest penny toy ever produced.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

Stronger than Steel. How many of your readers, I wonder, realise that so fragile looking a creature as a spider's web is proportionately one of the strongest things in existence? I saw a statement to this effect some time ago in a scientific paper, and, disbelieving it, carried out some experiments which convinced me of its truth. The ordinary spider's thread, I found, would support without breaking a weight of three grains. Now, a bar of steel one inch in diameter will sustain fifty tons. If you take the diameter of a spider's thread, and calculate out what weight the same thread an inch in diameter would support, the conclusion arrived at is no less than seventy-four tons, which means that the strength of the seemingly feeble thread is, as nearly as possible, one and a-half times that of the steel.—J. R. (Gloscester).

A Curious Trait. I came across a curious fact on visiting the Zoological Gardens the other day which would probably be as interesting to many people as it was to myself. I offered a racoon a piece of biscuit, and was surprised to see the little beast trot off to its water, and dip my offering into this before he ate it. I entered into conversation with one of the keepers on the subject, and he told me that the racoon always dips everything he eats into water, and on consulting some natural histories on the subject, I found this mentioned as a distinguishing trait of the animal. Its scientific name is *Lotor*, which means The Washer, and Germans term it the *Wasser-bar*, which means Washing Bear, and, of course, alludes to its habits of washing food and other articles which it may come across.—DOCKNEY NATURALIST (Bedford Square).

How to Tell a Viper. Harmless snakes, which really are the gardener's very good friends, as they destroy so many injurious insects, are very often killed under the impression that they are vipers whose bite is venomous. I think, therefore, that it would be a good thing if you would allow me to tell your readers how a common snake, which (though repugnant to many) is innocent and useful, may be distinguished from the viper which should certainly be killed whenever the opportunity offers. To begin with, the shape of the heads of the two reptiles is quite different. The viper's head is short, widened at the base, and clothed with scales; that of the common snake is long, narrow, and covered with plates. The tail of the viper is short and thick at the end. That of the snake is conical and tapering. The latter creature has conspicuous patches on its head which the viper lacks. Down the viper's back run a series of diamond-shaped black spots which form a broad zig-zag band on the brown ground-work of the body. The snake on the other hand has four rows of black spots on a greenish-grey ground.—SURREY PARSON.

A Marvel of Plant Life. PROBABLY few of your readers have seen the Resurrection Plant, more commonly known as the Rose of Jericho, which is, I think, quite the most wonderful member of the vegetable kingdom I have ever seen. Its popular name is a misleading one, for it is not a rose at all. The stem bears spikes of pretty white flowers which change into round fruits. When these have ripened the leaves fall, and the branches grow hard and dry, folding inwardly in such a manner that they form a ball. The storm of autumn uproot the plant from the sandy plains of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, and carry it helter-skelter over the deserts. If you happen to be travelling in this part of the world, and pick up one of these dry collections of withered stems, you would not believe that there is any more life in it than in one of the strips of deal which helps to form a bundle of firewood. But if the end of the root is placed in water, the plant at once begins a new life. It develops, grows new leaves, and flourishes as though it had never left its original home. If the water is removed it fades away, and assumes its former aspect.—EASTERN TRAVELLER (Paisley).

Wonders of a Worm. The next time you go out on your morning or evening ramble, if you chance to see a worm in your path, do not kick it aside nor step over it, but take it from the ground and lay it on the palm of your hand; and as it tries to crawl away you will experience a slight sensation of roughness on your skin.

If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the under side of the worm's body, you will perceive several rows of fine sharp hooks extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin.

These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which

they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more nor less than rudimentary feet to aid the worm in its progress.

It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, that when you endeavour to draw a worm from the earth, it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your pulling it in two before you can extract it; and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; they are retractile at the will of the owner, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress; but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, while the remaining part is drawn after it by muscular contraction.—A. J. M. (Nottingham.)

QUERIES.

CAN a greyhound run as fast as a racehorse? A friend of mine, who keeps greyhounds, asserts that any one of them could run right away from any racehorse that was ever bred.—YOKEL (Ilfracombe).

WE have at home a white cat, and it is deaf. My friends tell me that white cats are always deaf. This seems to me to be very incredible, and I shall be glad to know, through your new Natural History Column, whether it is a fact.—MOK. (Aberdeen.)

I WAS having an argument the other day with some farmers as to which British bird is, on the whole, the most injurious to the crops. I shall be glad to hear of some authoritative opinion with regard to this, as ideas seemed to differ greatly on the question.—LKO (Stanway, Colchester).

I HAVE a horse which utterly refuses to have its head clipped. He is quiet enough when he is being clipped anywhere else, but four men, with the assistance of three twitches, have completely failed in inducing him to allow the machine to touch his head. Can anyone suggest a cure, as he looks very untidy?—INQUIRER (Guildford).

CAN any reader give me a complete list of British birds which sing as they fly? The lark, of course, is an instance familiar to everyone. Swallows I have heard twittering on the wing, and sometimes have noticed a blackbird singing as it passes through the air, but I think there must be many besides these with the same habit.—E. J. L. (Rugby.)

I HAVE seen in the country walks which I have taken during the last few months a large number of mole-tunnels only just below the surface of the ground, so close to the surface, indeed, that the earth is heaved up into a well-defined ridge. Though I am a fairly keen observer of Nature, I have never noticed this before. Is there any special cause for it, or is it just a common occurrence that does not happen to have come before me hitherto?—BERTIE (Richmond).

MISADVENTURES OF ROYALTY.

ROYAL personages, like other people, are liable to the strangest, and oftentimes most amusing adventures. Monarchs and princes, when they set foot in great cities, may pass unnoticed among a crowd, and if they happen to be on foot, are jostled hither and thither like ordinary mortals. Their misadventures do not always come to the public light. They are generally told with a great amount of pleasure among friends, and the most amusing part of it all is, that if a prince or a king should at any time be under the necessity of proclaiming his identity, he is only laughed and jeered at.

When a king travels incognito, of course, he is bound to surrender the immunities and privileges of his rank. A few years ago the King of Holland was nearly arrested in Paris for some debts of his son, the Prince of Orange. William III. used often to visit the gay city for a week or two's amusement, and he knew how to play his disguise so well that he did not think it necessary to acquaint the Dutch Legation with his movements.

A creditor, hearing of this, went before a judge and swore information to the effect that a foreigner named William Nassau was heavily in his debt, and about to surreptitiously leave the country. It is needless to say the King of Holland was very considerably surprised when he found an authoritative gentleman waiting upon him with a legal document at his own house. He paid the prince's debt in order that he might not have to proclaim his own identity.

An amusing misadventure once occurred to the King of Wurtemberg who, while he was out holiday-making, was confronted by a student who had studied at Wurtemberg, and who shouted in a boisterous way, the words "Eh, Olgus!" This name Olgus was tacked on to the king because his wife, Queen Olga, is supposed to have what is commonly called "worm the breeches." Thus affronted, the king glared at the student, and then precipitately fled.

The late King of Spain had cause to remember many disagreeable incidents that befell him in Paris.

He was once, when still more than a lad, taken into custody, and marched off to the station like a common thief. One evening, he had arranged to go to the Winter Circus with two friends, and these gentlemen were to precede him there. The King arrived at the circus at about nine o'clock, unattended, and, as is often the case with royalty, had no ticket for the entertainment nor any money with which he might purchase one.

As a matter of fact, he had asked his friends to take a stall for him, but it appears this had not been done, and, when he endeavoured to pass the barrier, he was, of course, denied admittance. Being of a somewhat impulsive nature, he quickly resented this, and when, after a short and sharp squabble, he at length proclaimed his identity, he was only laughed at. The guardsmen, indeed, called him a truant schoolboy; and a small crowd collecting, the upshot of it all was that he had to step out and give an account of himself to the police.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the check-taker and the guardsmen were both severely reprimanded. But, in these cases, a man on duty cannot be expected to believe everything he is told, or else he would soon find that his building would quickly contain more royal personages than there are in the whole of Europe.

The late Czar, Alexander II., might easily have fallen a victim to misadventure in 1867. It was at the time that the Czar and the King of Prussia had come to pay a state visit to Napoleon III., and the Paris Exhibition. Of course, it was necessary for a close guard to be provided for His Russian Majesty, and during the whole of his stay he was a source of continual anxiety. Telegraphing from the frontier, he had ordered that a private box should be reserved for him at the theatre as he wished to see the success of the season. It was his first evening in Paris, and his request naturally interfered with the important arrangements which had previously been made in his honour.

It never occurred to the police that His Majesty would, at an interval of the play, expose himself in a public thoroughfare; and great was the consternation when he was seen sauntering out of the theatre with no other companions than his two sons—the present Czar and the Grand Duke Alexis. The three Royalties enjoyed their stroll, and nothing came of it. But two days later the Czar, paying a visit to the Palace of Justice, met with a warm reception from a band of students, who cried, "Long live Poland."

It subsequently turned out that the leader of this little demonstration was M. Floquet, and it is thought that the affair, by provoking a popular sympathy for Poland, was the cause of the attempt made upon Alexander II.'s life as he was returning from a review in the Bois de Boulogne with Napoleon III. The miscreant Berezowski might, indeed, have killed the two Emperors together had it not been for the presence of mind of an equerry, who sprang forward so that the pistol-shot struck his horse in the mouth.

One might almost expect that such a person as the Shah would meet with a succession of petty inconveniences. His visit to the gay capital was at the time that Marshal MacMahon had just become President of the Republic, and some attempt was being made to revive the splendours of the old Court. The endeavour was made to dazzle Nassa-Eddin with all the glories that our modern civilisation could produce.

The good man, however, did not look upon this excess of civilities with any very gratified feelings; and the chief officers of state, who expected much magnificent decoration at his hands, got next to nothing. This, of course, was enough to make him unpopular. His Majesty was very fond of going shopping of an evening along the boulevards, and whenever he saw anything he liked, he ordered it right away, careless of cost, and directed it to be sent to the Palais Bourbon. But no tradesmen who left goods at his door was ever paid.

A deputation from them waited at the Foreign Office, with a view to ascertaining whether the French Government was prepared to hold itself responsible for the extravagant purchases of the Persian monarch. They were answered in the negative, and for days after this the Palais Bourbon was besieged, principally by the more wealthy class of tradesmen, who soon found that the applications for payment were unavailing, and that there was not even a chance of receiving their goods back again.

A prominent jeweller, who had sold the Shah three valuable bracelets, was furious at being so easily duped, and, in his desperation, forced his way, in spite of much opposition, into the great man's presence. At this the Shah himself fell into a fit of fury, which so frightened the poor jeweller, that the words he had intended to speak would not come out of his lips. He became suddenly conscious of the fact that a man of the Shah's great power might do almost what he liked with him, and at this incontinently fled. There was a rumour that the Shah, looking upon the Palais Bourbon as Persian territory for the time being, ordered a man to be hanged there—and hanged he was.

In the event of competitions considered the best sent in for any of our prizes resembling us in duplicate, the prize will be awarded to the first to hand.

THE PURSE WITH THE RUBBER BAND.

CHIEF CONSTABLE PARKER's term of office in an Australian town was drawing rapidly to a close. Although crime had been rampant during his reign, not one arrest of importance had been made. Of course, he would not be re-elected unless he redeemed himself.

"Rat-tat-tat."

"Come in," cried the chief.

The door opened slowly and a tall man, with a tall silk hat in his hand, entered. The hat showed frequent ironing, and his long coat was shiny at the seams. Even his shirt was limp, and his face unshaven.

"I see the chief, I presume?" spoke the stranger, in a jolly, inquiring tone.

"I am the chief."

"I suppose, sir, that you have a clerk within hearing here, so that no important information which comes to your ears may lack corroboration?"

"Well, ah, no. I've thought of that, but have been too busy to look after it. What is your desire?"

The stranger's eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he answered:

"My name, sir, is Paul Tracy. I am the manager of Tracy's Opera Company, which, for reasons financial, has been compelled to disband in your town. Now, suppose, my dear sir, that I should come to you and tell you that I had been robbed—that my purse containing thirty-one pounds four shillings and sevenpence had been taken from me by a highwayman, what would you do?"

"I would endeavour to recover the money and catch the thief."

"You would fail."

"Perhaps I should."

"Of course you would," responded Tracy; "of course you would, and then good-bye to your re-election, for I should make my loss public. Now, let me ask you how much this post is worth to you?"

"My salary is four hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"And how much can you earn if you lose it?"

"About three pounds a week, I should fancy."

"Exactly. One hundred and fifty pounds a year. This job, then, is worth three hundred pounds a year more than outside employment would be, and, besides, it is more congenial. Now, I'll let you have it for one more term if you recover my purse with thirty-one pounds four shillings and sevenpence in it."

"What!" exclaimed Chief Parker. "How can you let me have another term? You are not even one voter, much less a majority."

"I suppose you know the value of advertising?"

"Yes."

"I come to your office to-morrow morning with a couple of reporters. I have told them my loss, and it has been printed in the morning papers with a fling at yourself. Of course they are assured of your failure, and I am consoled with on the way. We enter here. You invite us to be seated, and you go to your desk and unlock it. You produce a worn purse with rubber band round it, and ask me if it is mine. I say 'Yes.' You tell me to open it and count the contents. I find them correct—thirty-one pounds four shillings and sevenpence. Why, man, it will be like a chapter out of a French detective story. The newspaper fellows are amazed at your success, and the journals cover you with glory. The public reverses its decision, and you have a walk over. Do you agree?"

"But I don't think I can recover your purse."

"Great Scott, man! Can't you raise thirty-one pounds four shillings and sevenpence?"

"Why, yes. You mean—"

"There are plenty of old purses in the second-hand shops, and I see a couple of rubber bands on your desk."

"You mean that I shall make believe I recover your money?"

"Precisely."

"And, in fact, it must come out of my pocket?"

"That's it. You've got it at last."

"Well, I'll do it."

"Thank you. I'll wait on you, then, to-morrow morning about eleven. Until then, good-bye."

"Good-morning, Mr. Tracy. How are you, gentlemen? Please be seated."

As Mr. Tracy and the two reporters sat down they became conscious of another person in the room. A small, sharp-eyed man advanced from the window.

"I have the honour of presenting you to Mr. Hawkins. He is a member of our detective force, and will have a slight connection with this case. Mr. Tracy, I will ask you to describe your lost property, if you will."

"A worn leather purse held by a rubber band."

"And the contents?"

"Thirty-one pounds in gold, four shillings in silver, and seven pennies."

"Where did you get this money?"

"Why, I got it at the bank," replied Tracy, slightly disconcerted.

"May I ask what bank?"

"The Victoria National."

"Have you got that, Mr. Hawkins?" asked the chief, turning towards the detective.

"I have," answered the chief. The chief stepped to his safe, and, unlocking it, took therefrom an old purse.

"Is this yours?" he said to Tracy.

"Yes," answered the ex-manager, eagerly.

"Examine it, and see that the contents are all correct."

Tracy poured out the glittering coins on a table and counted them. Everything correct, even to the pennies.

"Are you sure, Mr. Tracy, that those are the same coins that you drew from the bank?"

"Quite sure. Here's a nick in one that I made with a penknife. I remember the dates also, for I always look at the dates on money."

"Is there no possibility, Mr. Tracy, that your money may have been changed by someone?" put in Hawkins.

"None whatever, sir. Why, I could swear to these coins in a court of law."

"Gentlemen," said the chief to the reporters, "will you be kind enough to take a look at that money?"

"They did so."

"Mr. Parker," cried Tracy, in an irritated tone, "I came here to receive my property. If you have done with me, I will take it and go."

"I have done with you, sir; but I think Mr. Hawkins has not."

"What do you want with me?" Tracy angrily asked the detective.

"Your company to the gaol. Those coins are counterfeit. Hold out your hands, please."

Tracy was sold. He had drawn the web round himself. The cashier of the Victoria National Bank, swore positively that he had never received any money from him.

Chief Constable Parker was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

ALL ABOUT EIDER-DOWN.

THE wonderfully soft and warm substance which we call eider-down, is produced by the eider-duck, an inhabitant of the Arctic Ocean. It is proper to call these birds inhabitants of the ocean, for they pass the greater portion of their lives out at sea, only coming to land a little while in the spring for the purpose of laying and hatching their eggs.

They are very awkward on land, but are wonderful swimmers and divers, descending twelve fathoms below the surface of the water, and remaining submerged as long as five minutes at a time. Their food consists principally of molluscs, which they pick up from the bed of the sea. Their favourite laying places are certain small low islands off the coast of Norway, which are called eider-holms.

The birds visit these islands in pairs, which present a striking contrast in appearance, the drakes being brilliantly coloured in black, white, and green, while the females are of a dull reddish-brown, matching the colour of the scanty vegetation so perfectly that even a practised hunter can hardly discover them when crouched down among the reeds.

On coming ashore the duck proceeds, very deliberately, to choose a place for a nest, while the drake follows, and occasionally gives warning of real or fancied dangers. The duck is very hard to suit, and it is not an unusual thing for her, after having examined all likely spots out-of-doors, to march boldly into a house and coolly select what she considers a suitable place for her nest, such as the oven, if it happens to be unused at the time.

The human inmates of the house welcome her gladly, supply her with food, and cheerfully submit to any inconveniences like the temporary loss of the oven, for they know that their guest will pay a good price for her board and lodging.

When the duck has selected a place she gathers grass and sticks and builds her nest. Then she plucks the soft down from her breast and makes a wonderful mat, which not only covers the bottom of the nest, but rises so far above the eggs that it can be folded over them when the duck leaves the nest in search of food.

When the six or eight eggs have been laid they are seized, together with the valuable eider-down mat, by the people of the house, and the duck goes off in sorrow to her mate, who awaits her on the shore, as his courage never rises to such a pitch as to lead him into the house.

The duck, somewhat wiser than before, proceeds to build another nest out of doors, and, as her own down feathers are exhausted, she calmly plucks the drake's breast as bare as her own. After this outrageous treatment he goes off in disgust and joins his companions at sea. This time the duck is allowed to hatch the brood without human interference.

But whenever she leaves the nest two or three eggs are liable to be stolen by some other duck who has a nest near by. The marauder carefully folds her down coverlet over the robbed nest again and carries the stolen eggs to her own nest. In this way the eggs are changed about so that a duck may finally hatch a brood containing not a single one of her own offspring.

As soon as the ducklings are all hatched out, the mother, or foster-mother, if undisturbed, endeavours to lead her flock to the shore. Usually the islanders

interfere again at this point, but now their interference benefits the ducks as well as themselves. They catch the down and carry the ducklings in baskets to the shore, the old ducks following them very contentedly.

When the shore is reached the baskets are emptied into the water. The old ducks plunge in, and after a good deal of commotion, each swims out to sea, followed by a flock of ducklings, some of which she has never seen before.

The eider-duck does not always make her first nest in a house, of course, and if the first nest is not disturbed she will simply hatch her brood and put out to sea with them, and the drake will not be robbed of his feathers. But the islanders are very watchful, and the first nest rarely escapes, no matter where it is built.

Sometimes the duck's down is insufficient to supply the second nest, and in this case the duck remains with his family. This nest is then robbed again and the poor duck is forced to begin a third with the help of the drake's feathers. The rule among the eider-down hunters is to rob every nest until the drake's feathers, which differ in colour from those of his mate, appear among the down. When this occurs it is known that the pair will build no more that year, and so the eggs are allowed to hatch in order to preserve the species.

A single nest will furnish at least an ounce of down, which is worth on the spot about a shilling. As the birds visit the island in vast numbers the collection and sale of the down mats is an important source of income to the inhabitants.

YOUNG MAN: "I want a pair of slippers; it doesn't matter how old they are, but they must have heavy heels, and if there are spikes in them all the better."

Shopman: "May I ask what you require them for?"

Young Man: "Why, the fellow who 'out me out' is going to be married to-morrow, and if I don't throw a slipper at him—for good luck, you know!—and catch him a crack on the back of the head, I'm a Dutchman!"

LODGER: "I found something in my bedroom last night, madam, and—"

Lodging-house Keeper (indignantly): "There ain't such a thing in the 'ouse! You must 'ave brought it with you!"

Lodger (coolly): "I was going to say, madam, that I found a sovereign in my bedroom last night, and I won't dispute your word as to my having brought it with me, so I'll keep it!"

A CURIOUS law-suit has been tried in Cracow. A barrister fainted in Court, and had to be carried out. The patient got worse instead of better, and lay in bed for nearly two months. At last he called in another doctor, got cured, and refused to pay the first doctor's bill on the ground of mismanagement. What is more, he brought an action against the doctor to recover 2,000 florins, the amount he reckoned he would have pocketed had not the physician kept him in bed. The Court nonsuited, on the ground that it need not have taken him two months to discover that his doctor was an ass.

RESULT OF MISSING WORD COMPETITION No. 1.

BELOW is the Chartered Accountants' statement with regard to the word which was omitted from the verses entitled, THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER, that formed the first item in our issue for December 12th.

December 14th, 1891.

We certify that a sealed envelope was handed to us by Pearson's Weekly on the 2nd instant, and has been opened by us to-day; the word contained therein is "supernal."

Slade Lewis & Slade

Chartered Accountants

Here is the verse in full:—

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

815 readers endeavoured to fill this word in, and 463 of them were successful in the endeavour. We certainly did not anticipate that so many as this would be right, but the task after all was rather easy, as "eternal" and "supernal" were the only two words that were at all probable. We shall be curious to see whether as large a proportion are correct next time.

Entrance fees received amount to a total of £49 15s. and the dispatch of 1s. 9d. to each winner disposes of £40 10s. 3d., leaving a balance of 4s. 9d. to be applied towards postage, etc. Messrs. Slade, Lewis, & Slade make no charge for their services in this competition.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE FROM PEARSON'S FOR LADIES.

Some will be glad to know, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Replies should be marked HOME NOTES.

Baked Eggs. Drop one egg at a time on to a well-greased plate, carefully, so as not to break the yolk; put a little pepper and salt on each, with a bit of butter. Bake in a hot oven till the whites are set.

Fried Tripe. Make a batter with three ounces of flour, and nearly half a pint of water, quarter of a teaspoon of salt, ditto pepper. Cut about half a pound of cooked tripe into neat small pieces; dry them. Dip each piece into the batter, and fry in deep fat. (Reply to A. L.)

Barley-Water. is a most valuable diluent in any febrile disorder or whilst a patient is under a blister. First soak the pearl barley in boiling water for five minutes. Then add fresh water and simmer it for an hour. Strain whilst hot. A nice flavouring is made by boiling a little lemon peel with the barley; or a handful of raisins gives a pleasant taste and is no less wholesome. (Reply to FAX.)

Apple Cheesecake. Peel, core, and boil sufficient apples to weigh half a pound when cooked. Add a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar. Melt three ounces of butter, and add to the apple, also, the juice of a lemon and the grated rind. Stir the mixture well over a slow fire. Line patty-pans with puff paste, put in some of the above mixture, and bake for twenty minutes in a brisk oven.

To make Twist Candy. Boil one and a half pounds of common sugar with half a pint of water over a slow fire for half an hour without skimming, but stirring just enough to prevent burning. When boiled enough, take off the fire, rub the hands well with butter, and work the candy, as soon as it is cool enough, into sticks until it is white, then braid it, and cut into squares. (Reply to HARRY, Slough.)

To Preserve Small Skins, first clean and scrape them. Then rub them over with arsenical soap, prepared thus:—To four pounds of white curd soap add one pound of arsenic and one ounce of camphor; cut the soap into thin slices, and dissolve it in one pint of water. When melted, add the arsenic and camphor, stirring them well together, and boil again until a thick paste is attained, and pour it into jars while hot. When cold, tie it up carefully with bladder, and it will retain its qualities for years. (Reply to R. A. K.)

To Renovate Black Satin. Take equal proportions of spirits of wine and warm water, sponge the satin on the right side with this, working down the material, and not across it. Whilst still damp, iron on the wrong side. Another plan that has been recommended to me is to scour the satin with this mixture:—Four ounces of honey, the same quantity of soft soap mixed with an egg and a wineglassful of gin, using a stiff brush. When the satin appears clean, rinse in cold water; press between clean cloths to dry or hang up to drain. Iron whilst still damp, and thoroughly dry before folding. (Reply to PATIENCE.)

How to make Crackers at Home. Get some brightly-tinted papers, and cut them into pieces about three inches by four. Cut one end of each paper into a fringe, and gum two pieces together, so that there is a fringe at each end. Buy from a toy-shop some "Waterloo Crackers," and paste each end of one to the inside of the joined papers; arrange so that the centre of the cracker shall be over the joining. If you have any mottoes, wrap one round a sugared almond, or any nice hard sweetmeat; roll the coloured paper up neatly; stick it together with a little gum; tie up the two ends with gold cord, or some ribbon, and spread out the fringe.

To Scrub Boards. In scrubbing a pastry-board, to get it a nice white, plenty of sand must be used in this way:—First wash the board, then sprinkle it with sand, and scrub it with a brush the same way as the grain of the wood, so that the dirt is taken off without making the board rough. Rinse the sand off in plenty of cold water, wipe it with a clean cloth, and set it in the air until dry. In scrubbing floors and tables do not use soda, for it makes the boards a bad colour, and does not cleanse better than soap with plenty of warm water. In teaching young girls to scrub boards, it is very difficult to make them understand that the brush must always be worked the way of the grain in the wood, and never across it. I have often seen inexperienced people scrubbing very thoroughly, but working the brush round and round, and consequently, in spite of all the elbow grease expended, the boards looked rough, and soon caught the dirt again.

Get Picture Frames would retain their lustre much longer if they were more constantly wiped than they usually are. For this purpose employ a soft hair brush and a soft rag or silk handkerchief.

Dye for Felt Hats. Boil four ounces of log-wood chips in a pint of rain-water till the liquor is reduced to half its original quantity. Brush over the hat with this, whilst boiling, and hang it out of doors to dry. The colour should become equal to new. (Reply to TAMMIE.)

Poor Man's Soup. Take one pound of scraps of meat, cut it into small pieces, add to it two ounces of pearl barley (or rice), onions, carrots, turnips, and potatoes. Cut small, put into a jar, and cover with three quarts of water, pepper and salt. Cover it down closely with greased paper or a plate, and bake in the oven for four hours. This is a very inexpensive and nourishing dinner for a family. Any bones that one has by one should be added to it.

Boiled Milk should be used in every household in town, or where one cannot be constantly satisfied as to the health of the cows in the dairy supplying one's house. There appears to be no doubt that cows suffering from diphtheria will give the disease to those who drink their milk unless it be thoroughly cooked. Many people imagine that by boiling milk it is spoiled, but this is not the case. If it is boiled directly it comes into the house, and allowed to get cold before being used, the flavour is not spoiled.

Bread Jelly. This is a very useful food for young children. The basis of it is always at hand, and the process of making is very simple. Take a quantity of crumb from a loaf, break it up small, and pour enough boiling water to cover it, let this stand for a few hours before drawing off the water. Add more water, and place it in an earthenware saucepan to boil until quite smooth. Drain off the water and the bread will cool into a jelly, which should be mixed with a little warm milk, and sweetened with brown sugar.

How to do without Scales. Perhaps some of my readers do not possess scales to weigh the various ingredients for my recipes, so I will tell them of a simple plan to adopt. Take an ordinary teacup: this quite full of flour will be four ounces, so that four-teacupfuls will be one pound. Sugar is heavier, so do not take quite so much. Shredded suet is much lighter, therefore count a small teacupful as two ounces. In this way you will soon find that you are able to measure groceries accurately.

Cleaning Teeth. The pleasantest time for cleaning the teeth is before breakfast; but much less decay would exist if people would make it a daily habit to also clean their teeth thoroughly before going to bed, using a little carbonate of soda in the water, which removes the grease from food, and the acids, which really are the cause of decay. In brushing the teeth, a hard brush should be used; it may cause the gums to bleed, but will cease to do so after a few days of this practice. The brush should be well rubbed up and down the teeth, as well as across them.

To Promote Sleep be in the open air as much as possible. Outdoor life is the natural condition of mankind, and the more one can have of it the better. However, this practice should not be carried to extremes, for there are many days in our winter when one is much better off in a well ventilated house than braving the snow and rain. It is considered very strengthening to sleep with an open window, but this should never be done, except by the extremely robust, whilst the temperature is very low, and if the bed stands near the window, it is well to shut it on wet nights.

Fillets of Mackerel. One soon tires of mackerel boiled and fried, and so ceases to buy it, which is a mistake, as it is a cheap and substantial fish. Mackerel fillets are very easy to make, and are a pleasant change. Clean two large mackerel and fillet them. Scald a few herbs, and put them into a stewpan with an ounce of dripping or butter, and a very little water. Lay in the fillets of mackerel, and boil gently for ten minutes. Take them out and put on to a hot dish. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, add a little lemon juice or vinegar, cayenne pepper, and salt. Boil for a minute, and pour over the fish.

Pease Pudding. Let half a pound of peas soak all night in cold water. Next day tie them loosely (to allow room to swell) in a pudding-cloth; put into a pan of boiling water, and boil for three or four hours, until the peas are soft. Held the cloth with the peas in it above the pan for a few moments to drain. Put the peas into a basin, bruise them till quite smooth with a spoon, stir into them half an ounce of dripping, one teaspoonful of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. When well mixed return all to the cloth, tie it tightly, and boil for half an hour. Pease-pudding may be served alone with powdered mint, or with a fat dish, such as roast pork. (Reply to K. C., Belfast.)

Another Best will remain clean and in perfect condition for years if covered in a case of oil-silk or calico, which should be removed and washed every spring. Before replacing in the mattress, etc., should be well beaten in the air, and brushed with a stiff clothes brush.

Cold Feet. The following simple remedy for cold feet I have found remarkably successful. When retiring at night have in your room two small baths. Fill one with quite cold water, and the other with water as hot as you can bear your feet in. Soak your feet in the hot water, and on taking them out plunge them immediately into the cold. Repeat this several times, finishing with the cold, and dry thoroughly with a rough towel.

A Caution about Frozen Milk. When milk is slowly and partially frozen, the ice takes up the greater part of the cream, the unfrozen remainder contains the casein, milk, sugar, and salts, but, in consequence of its loss of cream, appears like diluted milk, and would be described as such, if merely tested by the ordinary lactometric instrument. Milk which has been frozen should therefore be well thawed and shaken up, and not used whilst any ice is visible.

To Avert Chapped Hands. Take common starch and grind it with a knife until it is reduced to the smoothest powder; put it in a clean tin box, so as to have it continually at hand for use. After washing your hands, rinse them thoroughly in clean water, wipe them, and while they are yet damp, rub a pinch of the starch thoroughly over them, covering the whole surface. The effect is magical. The rough, smarting skin is cooled, soothed, and healed.

To Cook a Ham. To properly cook a ham of twelve or thirteen pounds takes four hours, and a larger one will take from five to six hours. It should be put on in cold water, and when it comes to the boil half an ounce of brown sugar, a little vinegar, and a dozen cloves should be added. A ham should never be allowed to boil fast, or it will be hard when done. Remove the pot from the fire, and let the ham stay in its liquor till it is cold; then skin it, and sift brown crumbs over or glaze with a little dissolved gelatine well coloured. (Reply to E. J.)

Cleaning Windows. A painter's brush is the best article for removing the dust; then wash all the woodwork before the glass is touched. To cleanse the glass simply use ammonia diluted with warm water; don't use soap. A small stick will get the dust out of the corners, then wipe dry with a piece of cloth—do not use linen, as the lint sticks to the glass. The best way to polish is with tissue paper or newspaper. To clean windows in this way takes much less time than when soap is used. Clean on a dull day or when the sun is not shining on the windows, otherwise the glass will have a streaked appearance.

Ten Rules for Boiling and Preparing Vegetables. *Green Vegetables.*—1. Plunge the vegetable into hot water for five minutes, then into cold, this kills insects. 2. Examine the leaves, cut off the outer ones, and trim neatly. 3. Wash again in salt and water; rinse thoroughly. 4. Place them in a large saucepan of boiling water, with a little salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar. 5. Boil very quickly for ten minutes, then not so fast, till they are cooked. 6. Directly the vegetables are tender, strain away all the water through a colander. *Four Rules for Root Vegetables.*—1. Brush them with a scrubbing-brush in cold water. 2. Peel thinly, trim and cut across the top. 3. Boil, in soft water, if possible, with a little salt for about half an hour longer, if the vegetables are old. 4. Turnips should be well mashed with dripping, butter, or better still, cream, and white pepper and salt.

Robert

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	2 s. d.
Full Page (per insertion)	45 0 0
Half Page	22 10 0
Quarter Page	11 5 0
One-fifth, or a full column	9 0 0
One-eighth	5 12 6
One-half column, or one-tenth of a page	4 10 0

Black Blocks 25 per cent. extra.

These rates do not apply to competition advertisements, special scale for which will be sent on application.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY is published every Monday, and copy for advertisements must be in our hands a week ahead; ten days if a proof is required.

All advertisements are subject to approval. Advertisements ordered until countermanded are subject to a fortnight's notice.

All enquiries and orders to be forwarded to PEARSON'S WEEKLY Advertisement Department, Bell's, 187, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; General Offices, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

1892. JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
S 3 10 17 24 31 M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28 M 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 W 10 17 24 31 T 11 18 25 F 12 19 26 S 13 20 27	S 6 13 20 27 M 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 W 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 F 11 18 25 S 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	S 2 8 15 22 29 M 3 9 16 23 30 T 4 10 17 24 31 W 5 11 18 25 T 6 12 19 26 F 7 13 20 27 S 8 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26 M 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 W 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 F 10 17 24 31 S 11 18 25	S 3 10 17 24 31 M 4 11 18 25 T 5 12 19 26 W 6 13 20 27 T 7 14 21 28 F 8 15 22 29 S 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28 M 8 15 22 29 T 9 16 23 30 W 10 17 24 31 T 11 18 25 F 12 19 26 S 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25 M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24	S 8 15 22 29 M 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 W 11 18 25 T 12 19 26 F 13 20 27 S 14 21 28	S 6 13 20 27 M 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 W 9 16 23 30 T 10 17 24 31 F 11 18 25 S 12 19 26	S 4 11 18 25 M 5 12 19 26 T 6 13 20 27 W 7 14 21 28 T 8 15 22 29 F 9 16 23 30 S 10 17 24 31

[REDACTED]

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple
Chambers, London, E.C.

L. LUSTY,
Manchester,
Park, E., 3,176

Advertiser

EDWARDS' "HARLENE."

WORLD-RENOUNDED

HAIR
PRODUCER
AND
RESTORER.

POSITIVELY FORCES



Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, and Moustachios

To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS

From whatever cause arising. As a Producer of

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

It has never been equalled. As a Curer of Weak and Thin Eyelashes or Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour, never fails.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be the best Dressing for the Hair, being perfectly harmless, and devoid of any Metallic or other Injurious Ingredients.

Is, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers, all over the world, or sent direct, on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 5s. Postal Orders preferred.

Testimonials, also a valuable Treatise on the Cultivation of the Hair, and some extraordinary facts of the effectiveness of the HARLENE, forwarded free on application.

ORDER FORM.
Special Offer to Readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
5/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3/-

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, who sends us this Order Form, with a postal order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Order Form. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our speciality more widely known without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Order Form. —Dec. 26th.

EDWARDS & CO.,

95, High Holborn, London, W.C.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE MOST
POPULAR
REMEDY.



CHEAP,
PAINLESS,
EFFECTUAL.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE

FOR ALL

Bilious & Nervous Disorders,

SUCH AS

**Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired
Digestion, Disordered Liver, etc.**

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere in Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

WINNERS OF THE NOVEMBER "SUNLIGHT SOAP" MONTHLY COMPETITIONS.

The following are the Winners of the November Competition. We would call your special attention that these COMPETITIONS CEASE on DECEMBER 31st, 1891 and we take this opportunity of informing you that we do not intend to substitute any other Competition in their place for 1892. The FINE ART PICTURES will be continued on the same terms as before, and in addition we shall give framed copies of the Pictures, the number of wrappers necessary to obtain which will be duly announced.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., Port Sunlight, near BIRKENHEAD.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS AGED 16 LAST BIRTHDAY AND UNDER.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Girls Aged 16.

M. DENMAN, 120, Rodney Road, Walworth, London, 2,200; R. BURTON, 28, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton, 2,010; A. H. SLADE, 77, Dennett's Road, Queen's Road, Peckham, S.E., 1,635; E. HUGHES, 2, Gore Street, Liverpool, 1,602; L. YEOMANS, 123, Walworth Road, London, S.E., 1,508.

Girls Aged 15.

L. NICHOLIS, 51, Wellington Row, Bethnal Green, London, 2,157; N. E. SELLER, 224, Shirland Road, St. Peter's Park, Haddington, London, W., 1,714; L. WEDLAKE, 201, Ball's Pond Road, Islington, N., 1,609; A. SAWYER, 163, Queen's Road, Watford, Herts, 1,412; N. G. HANE, 11, Matilda Place, Baptist Mills, Bristol, 1,406.

Girls Aged 14.

N. HAWKINS, 42, Northgate Street, Devises, 2,006; A. ROALFE, 55, Mundella Road, New Road, Battersea, London, 1,533; E. MITCHELL, 71, Palmerston Street, South Shields, 1,504; W. HARRIS, 61, Mary Street, Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, 1,502; M. A. SHANNON, 45, Harford Street, Mile End Road, London, 1,432.

Girls Aged 13.

C. L. MARTIN, 12, Dorset Street, Lower Bristol Road, East Tiverton, Bath, 1,963; M. A. CARRINGTON, 1, Queen Street, Huddersfield, Manchester, 1,814; A. LEWIS, c/o Mr. Board, 23, Caledonian Road, King's Cross, 1,835; R. BENHAM, c/o Mrs. Chapman, The Waterworks, Curragh Camp, Ireland, 1,634; M. NEWMAN, Ebenezer Place, Broadbottom, near Manchester, 1,552.

Girls Aged 12.

J. BOOTH, 3, Clough Street, Bury, Lancashire, 1,928; J. T. BELL, 24, Leeds Road, Ilkley, Yorkshire, 1,903; M. J. HARTLEY, 22, St. John's Road, New Shildon, Durham, 1,810; L. HOSON, c/o Mrs. L. Jolly, 75, Broadcroft, Huddersfield, Manchester, 1,524; D. WRIGHT, 143, Masey Road, Plumstead, Kent, 1,500.

Girls Aged 11 and Under.

F. BYWATERS, 2, West Street, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, 2,500; M. E. PATTERSON, 22, Brougham Place, Bishop Auckland, 2,013; R. CARTER, c/o Mrs. Hooper, 73, Albany Road, Camberwell, London, 1,934; E. ROWEN, 63, Clarence Road, Bristol, 1,806; E. MOORE, 7, Grover Road, Pinxter Road, Watford, 1,800.

Boys Aged 16.

G. R. BRICKNELL, c/o Mr. E. P. In, 13, Fort Street, Devonport, 2,143; H. W. GOMM, 12, St. Michael's Hill, Bristol, 2,121; H. ROBERTS, 39, Dale Street, Batley Carr, Yorkshire, 2,004; J. PEACOCK, 7, Fulton Terrace, Shildon, 1,925; J. DRAKE, 5, High West Street, Weymouth, 1,841.

Boys Aged 15.

R. BROOKE, Heaton Street, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, 2,144; A. BRAMLEY, 9, Leigh Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield, 1,956; F. MILES, 114, Miles Buildings, Linton Street, Edgware Road, London, W., 1,904; H. WALSH, 23, Church Street, Huddersfield, near Manchester, 1,857; D. J. TAIT, 38, Guildford Road, Kingston, Portsmouth, 1,784.

Boys Aged 14.

S. J. HOWARD, c/o Mr. A. Walker, Market Place, North Walsham, 2,131; T. PEARSON, 38, Hoy Street, Victoria Dock, London, E., 2,063; G. WHITELEY, 69, King Street, Batley Carr, 2,040; J. H. CHASE, 59, St. Stephen's Terrace, South Lambeth, London, S.W., 1,955; H. HERRON, 7, Whitehall Terrace, Lower Tottenham, 1,927.

Boys Aged 13.

J. S. DORE, 60, Upper Arundel Street, Landport, Portsmouth, 2,101; J. TIMBETT, 15, Archer Street, King Street, Camden Town, N.W., 2,029; E. W. POPE, Opp Station, Station Road, Strood, Rochester, 1,975; S. PEAL, 13A, Great Marylebone Street, London, W., 1,867; F. S. CHAPMAN, 4, Charlton Terrace, Laurence Hill, Bristol, 1,863.

Boys Aged 12.

G. HOLMES, 17, Killinghall Road, Bradford Moor, Bradford, Yorks, 2,265; C. DOVER, 41, Bath Street, City Road, London, E.C., 2,040; T. F. COLLIER, 2, Jessie Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, 1,839; W. G. PERRY, 255, St. Leonard's Road, Poplar, E., 1,825; F. C. SNOW, Grafton, Powderham Road, Newton Abbot, Devon, 1,820.

Boys Aged 11 and Under.

L. LUSBY, 19, Hamilton Place, St. Paul's, Cheltenham, 2,513; J. PEATE, 2, St. Faviour's Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, 2,281; R. BARKER, 241, Hornsey Road, London, N., 2,292; W. S. STONER, 10, Roman Road, Victoria Park, E., 2,176; W. POLLITT, Pealine View, Heyrod, Staleybridge, 2,108.

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

OPEN TO ALL AGED 17 LAST BIRTHDAY AND UPWARDS.

PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Ladies Aged 17 and Upwards.

Mrs. FARRAND, c/o C. Wadsworth, near Liberal Club, Outlane, near Huddersfield, 598; L. E. TRIMMER, 198, Oak Street, Abingdon, 489; A. TIDY, 40, Downing Street, Farnham, Surrey, 480; S. CORFIELD, 134, High Street, Aston, New Town, Birmingham, 460; A. MORSE, 68, Lower Park Road, Peckham, London, 440; Mrs. WILSON, c/o Mrs. Green, Oldham, 438; J. MOLONEY, c/o Miss Loneragan, Mary Street, Clonmel, 437; M. BIRD, 132, Hanley Road, Stroud Green, London, N., 428; M. GREENWOOD, 2, St. Mary Street, Ladywood, Birmingham, 423; M. G. POPE, 2, Butcher Street, St. George's Square, Portsea, 420; M. OLD, 20, Cromwell Street, Millfield, Sunderland, 426; A. J. STRONG, 44, Warstone Lane, Birmingham, 425; M. WOLFFER, c/o Mrs. Goodyear, 12, Canwick Road, Lincoln, 421; A. WILLIAMS, c/o Mrs. Robinson, 40, Minford Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, London, W., 419; G. BAILEY, Osborne House, 53, Chaplin Road, Willersden Green, London, 411; J. KIDLEY, 17, Hewley Street, Eaton, Middlesbrough, 410; M. LOFTS, 9, Maude Road, Camberwell, London, 409; L. MICKLETHWAITE, 33, Victoria Street, Batley Carr, Dewsbury, 408; M. SHOOTER, 1, Napier Villa, Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, 407; V. J. ROBERTS, 25, Belmore Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield, 402; J. G. METCALFE, 1, Oxford Street, Mount Pleasant, Batley, Yorks, 402; E. REDFORD, 23, Sandy Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, 401; C. SETTLE, 78, New Street, Paddock, Huddersfield, 400; Mrs. WORTHY, Eldon Pasture, Eldon, near Bishop Auckland, 399; E. APPLETON, 28, Cheap Street, Newbury, Berks, 291; M. A. MOLE, 28, Pinhoe Road, Exeter, 291; A. E. NEWSOME, 98, Upper Road, Batley Carr, Dewsbury, 228; E. SALTER, Abram Water Works, Stubshaw Cross, Ashton, near Newton-le-Willows, 225; Mrs. E. GIBB, 50, Globe Road, Middlesbrough, 224; A. E. HASKING, Main Street, Wicklow, 275.

Gentlemen Aged 17 and Upwards.

J. CAMBRIDGE, c/o Mrs. Lee, 47, Theobalds Street, London, S.E., 595; T. HUGHES, Chandler, Hill Street, Toxt Park, Liverpool, 535; T. YAXLEY, 10, Bowden Terrace, Wymondham, Norfolk, 536; W. TAYLOR, Mount Joy Cott, Elm Grove, Newport, Isle of Wight, 525; T. RHODES, 91, Barritt Street, Swatter's Carr, Middlesbrough, 519; J. HALST, Claremont Hotel, 51, New Bridge Street, Manchester, 518; J. W. HOOPER, 1, Ross Street, Morice Town, Devonport, 514; M. HODGSON, 73, Palmerston Street, South Shields, 514; T. W. STEWART, F. O. Schoolhouse, Thurso, N.E., 508; J. G. BILLINGS, 17, Wall Street, Worthington, 508; A. S. HEPWORTH, 22, North Street, Lockwood, Huddersfield, 507; J. DUNE, 96, Lapease Street, Leeds Road, Bradford, 500; F. T. KITSON, Stocks Bank, Millfield, Yorks, 490; F. G. PEARCE, 53, Sun Street, Tewkesbury Road, Cheltenham, 477; W. H. THOMPSON, 1, Molesworth Villa, Molesworth Road, Stoke, Devonport, 477; H. P. TOPFIELD, 2, Sydenham Terrace, South Street, Rochford, Essex, 470; R. CAYGILL, 19, Brown Street, Shildon, via Darlington, 470; F. MYERS, 11, Testerton Street, Notting Hill, London, W., 464; A. CALLOW, Boro. Green, near Sevenoaks, 463; F. W. LICKLEY, Station Lane, Wingate, County Durham, 455; N. ORR, 65, Vernon Street, Bury, 454; M. COBET, 71, St. James's Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E., 454; J. N. GROVES, c/o Mrs. Wickenden, Elmsere, Kestrel Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E., 452; G. F. THOMPSON, 153, Greenbro Road, Rotherham, 452; W. BATES, 9, Thorne Road, near Wakefield, 450; J. E. PROBERT, Market Place, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, 442; E. ABBISS, Carriage Works, Amptill, Beds, 441; C. MILLER, 11, Dick Street, Back Lane, Bowling, near Bradford, 440; A. MAYER, 27, Arthur Street, Higher Broughton, 431; R. JONES, Dafarn, Newydd, Llanfaethlu Valley R.S.O., Anglesea.

Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

CLOTHES
MADE
BETTER
COLOUR.



WASHES
WITHOUT
WORK.



NO
RUBBING
WHATEVER.



CLOTHES
LAST
TWICE AS
LONG.

3d. a Bar.

1s. a Box.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL ON (PATENT) Titan Soap

From the HIGHEST PRACTICAL AUTHORITY
in the Land.

Amalgamated Society of Laundresses.

HEAD OFFICE:
INDUSTRIAL HALL,
CLARK'S BUILDINGS,
CHAFFESSURY AVENUE
V.C.

We, the undersigned, have been deputed by the Managing Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Laundresses of Great Britain to report upon Titan Patent Soap, & hereby declare the same to be an admirable Soap in every way - & to reduce, in a remarkable degree, the labour required in washing.

The Soap imparts great softness to the water & extracts the dirt from the clothes with wonderful ease, leaving them of excellent colour.

Flannels, after washing with the

Soap, remain very soft & fleecy, & it is excellent for coloured & dyed articles, also it is very pleasant & soft to the skin, & indeed in all respects Titan Patent Soap secures our entire approval & recommendation.

Titan Patent Soap is particularly suited to silk goods which, after washing, it leaves in perfect condition.

Signed: Kate Hutchinson

Florence Roberts

Mornca De Courcy
Harriett Robinson

Practical Laundresses & Branch Secretaries
of the Said Society.

14. Sep. 1891.

YES

Really No Rubbing Whatever.
Clothes Last Twice as Long.
Never Tears Laces & Curtains.
Does not Shrink Flannels.
A Thorough Disinfectant.

NO

Chemicals.
Cracked Hands.
Washboards.
Dollies.
Torn Clothes.

SOLE
MANUFACTURERS:

THE LIVERPOOL PATENT SOAP COMPANY, Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

LONDON OFFICES:
9 & 10, SOUTHAMPTON ST.,
HOLBORN.